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J M W TURNER, R.A. PINXS

C.H. JEENS. SOULF

THE BURDCAGE.

A SCENE FROM BOCCACCIO.





THE



A SERIES OF

# ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS

FROM THE WORKS OF THE LATE

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

THE DESCRIPTIVE TEXT BY W. COSMO MONKHOUSE

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II

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### THE BIRDCAGE.

#### A SCENE FROM BOCCACCIO.

HE birdcage is visible enough—but why a scene from Boccaccio? No

doubt it is intended to represent that gay and noble party, full of wit but deficient in all noble feeling, whom Boccaccio represents as withdrawing to a castle to enjoy themselves and tell questionable stories, while their less fortunate fellow-creatures were obliged to stay in the city and die of the plague. But if this be allowed we must ask, "Why the Birdcage?" as no story of the many stories in the Decameron is known by that title. But Turner was not particular where mere facts were concerned, and he has not been particular enough in this picture about such facts as the way in which human members are joined together, or the general proportion borne by one to the other, to make this picture interesting, except as a specimen of what an exceedingly bad picture he could paint if he tried. In style it is more like Watteau than any other painter. There is a general air of festivity about the scene, and the castle and its glades would make the place a very appropriate one for an all fresco entertainment, but there is not much more to be said for the picture.













#### THE GODDESS OF DISCORD.

URNER has here, with the imaginative force of a great poet, represented the beautiful Garden of the Hesperides, guarded by a frontier of rugged mountains. On the summit of one of the lower crags the sleepless dragon Ladon watches, breathing out fire and smoke. This classical

paradise, whose fruit, like that of Eden, produced so much pain and discord, was the fabled residence of the three daughters of Hesperus, Ægle, Hespere, and Erytheïs. On the marriage of Jupiter and Juno, Earth presented to Juno a tree which bore golden apples, and the charge of it was entrusted to the Hesperides. Here, however, the Goddess of Discord found her way, and procured the golden apple which she threw among the assembled gods, inscribed with the legend—"To be taken up by the most beautiful." Hence, as we all know, rose the contention between Minerva, Juno, and Venus, the ultimate reference to Paris, the desertion of Œnone, the rape of Helen, the siege of Troy, the wanderings of Æneas, the foundation of Rome, and many other things which it would take a long time to describe.

Few of the results of this ancient transaction have been so free from imperfection as this picture, in which even the figures are remarkable for their grace and happy grouping. It is not easy to tire of looking at the lovely scene, nor to help wishing that the garden yet existed, and that it was still one of the possible romances of travel that, with or without shipwreck, we might one day find ourselves within the charmed solitude of this beautiful grove, and see the graceful Hesperides, and the golden fruit hanging from the bough. The dragon would, perhaps, have been a difficulty, but we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever may have become of the garden and its fair custodians, no future traveller need fear the dragon, for Hercules killed him many years ago.







## FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

HIS ancient port, which was for a century the port of departure for the Government mail-packets, is defended by two castles built by Henry VIII. That on the western side, Pendennis Castle, is represented in our engraving, and is very extensive. It stands on a hill

which is joined to the mainland by a strip of land. Falmouth is now a principal port of call for vessels of all nations. The town is a mile in length and is principally composed of one street. Both Pendennis Castle and St. Mawes (the castle on the eastern side of the bay), contain capacious barracks and magazines, and were garrisoned during the Russian war by the Royal Cornwall and Devon Miners' Artillery Militia. The figures introduced by Turner into the foreground of his drawings are generally occupied in a manner characteristic of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the place; but we hope that on this occasion he has departed from his usual rule, for these ladies and gentlemen appear to be bent upon getting intoxicated at the earliest possible moment, and scarcely need a fiddler to keep up their spirits.











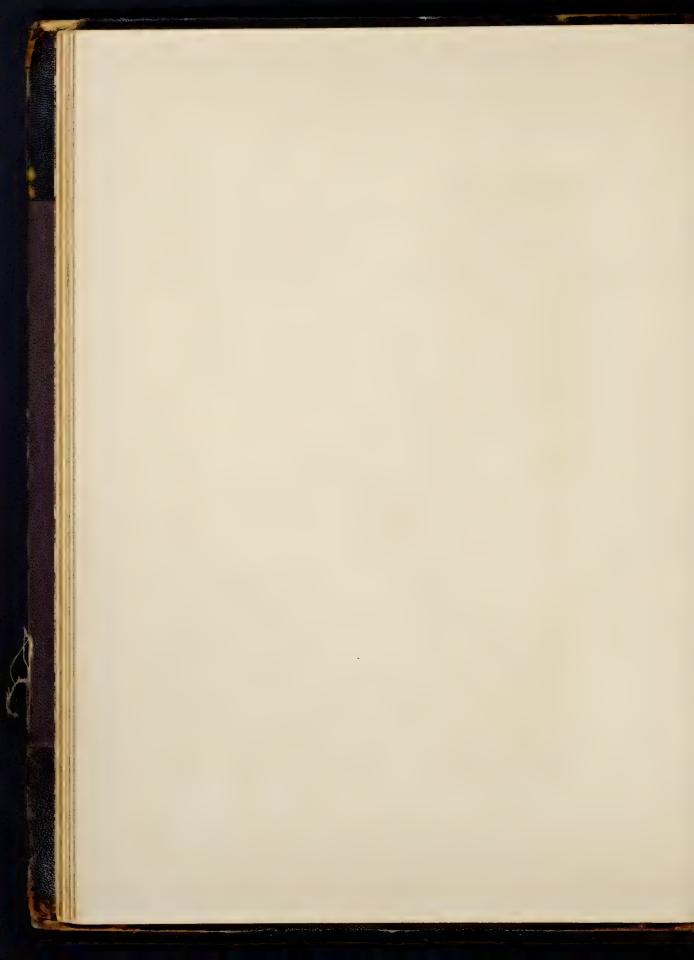


# PHRYNE GOING TO THE BATH AS VENUS.

HIS picture is almost equally remarkable for the splendid beauty of the landscape and the splendid badness of the figures. We call the badness splendid because, in spite of the almost insane inaccuracy of their drawing, and the palpable extravagance of their colouring, the

figures are so full of the spirit of abandoned luxury, and introduced with such exact artistic purpose as regards their general composition and the flow of line in figure and drapery, that without them the picture would lose half its beauty; we would even go further than this, and say that if they were replaced by others of perfect accuracy from any other hand the picture would be spoilt.

The chief glory, however, of this picture lies in its beautiful stone-pines and its distance, perhaps the most lovely which was ever painted by the hand of man. It would be difficult to tell how many miles of country are included in this comparatively small area, but there is space enough for the mind to travel hour after hour, passing from one slope to another, every inch containing a view worthy of long and separate study. Its very richness is, perhaps, a defect—making it impossible for the eye to enjoy without fatigue. Ruskin says that this picture is painted as an expression of the triumph of guilt, and calls special attention to the two dogs playing with the crystal ball. "They mean," he says, "the lower or sensual part of human nature playing with the world," as Phryne played with her world of courts and palaces and dancing-girls. And he points out that in the Academy Catalogue the title runs thus: "Phryne going to the Bath as Venus. Demosthenes taunted by Æschines." "Note that," writes Mr. Ruskin: "the man who could have saved Greece taunted by the son of the harlot."











## CALAIS PIER.

HIS fine picture, still in excellent preservation in our National Collection, is characterised not only by great power in the painting of cloud and sea, but also by much humour in the figures, which are drawn and painted with unusual spirit and care. It represents the old

Calais Pier with its weatherworn timbers, and the harbour, with its boats and the English packet of the period—a small cutter—crowded with passengers. To those to whom the present short passage in a steamboat seems an eternity of suffering, this picture should be a comfort and a sermon on patience. The packet, though she has had a rough and tedious passage, has probably just arrived in time to escape a still worse experience, if we may judge of the approaching weather by the huge inky cloud that is quickly shutting up the sky. Notwithstanding this evil prospect the Calais fishermen are preparing to put to sea, and their wives are ministering to their wants. One of them is having an altercation with her husband about the amount of wine or brandy in the bottle she has given him, which he is holding up to the light with an angry face, showing it half empty, while another bottle in her own hand proves where the rest has gone.













## BRIDPORT.

I I

F this sketch had not probably been taken before either the mortar or the rocket apparatus was invented, we should have been inclined to think that this vessel was in distress and had just had a line thrown over her from the shore. Some such operation appears to

have been performed, but we confess ourselves unable to understand the action of the men on the shore, who seem to be tugging at another rope which is seen coming from amidships. The sky is stormy and finely broken into masses, which sympathize grandly with the curious formation of the cliffs which stretch into the distance towards the town of Bridport. The harbour here is made by the junction of the Brit and the Asher, and has been improved, by expensive dredging, into a safe and commodious port for vessels of small tonnage: the entrance to it and the harbour itself is indicated by the breakwater and the masts of shipping which appear between the cliffs. Bridport was formerly noted for the building of small vessels, and some shipbuilding is still carried on there. It is a town of great antiquity, having been of importance before the Norman Conquest; and it possesses one of the finest churches in Dorsetshire.









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#### DECLINE OF CARTHAGE.

HE full title of this picture given in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1817 was, "The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire. Rome being determined on the overthrow of her hated rival, demanded from her such terms as might either force her into war or ruin her

by compliance; the enervated Carthaginians, in their anxiety for peace, consented to give up even their arms and their children—

"'At Hope's delusive smile,

The chieftain's safety and the mother's pride

Were to th' insidious conqueror's grasp resigned;

While o'er the western wave th'ensanguined sun

In gathering haze a stormy signal spread,

And set portentous.'"

This is the companion-picture to the "Rise of Carthage," and was one of the pictures which Turner kept as long as he lived. Its condition now is such that any criticism founded on it would do injustice to the artist, but the sky is yet fine. It could not, however, at any time have borne a comparison with the "Rise of Carthage," for the colour is unpleasant and the figures uninteresting; and Mr. Ruskin, usually so enthusiastic in praise of Turner, declares it to be one of the deepest humiliations which Turner's art ever sustained. "It is, in fact," he adds, "little more than an accumulation of Academy students' outlines coloured brown."













#### SCARBOROUGH.

CARBOROUGH as it was at the end of the last century; a beautiful view, showing the ruins of the ancient castle to the greatest advantage, with the bay in front rich in reflections of the hill, the town, and the shipping; with sands wet and glistening with the recently-

receded tide, and figures of women shrimping. In the foreground is a dog, which seems to be watching the basket and part of the attire of the young woman with the shrimping-net, who has divested herself of her longer garments, her shoes, and stockings, in order to wade into the water after the little mailed crustaceans. High and nearly dry upon the sands a brig is discharging her cargo into a cart. Altogether this drawing, with its beautifully-limpid water, its shining sands, its interesting figures, its fine background of hill and town and castle, and its distance of faint cliff and down shining in the sun, is one of the most finely-conceived and executed of Turner's drawings of this period. Scarborough has now become a very fashionable watering-place, but it may be interesting to quote an authority as to its popularity, written some years after Turner visited the place, which informs us that—"The sons of pleasure fly to more genial climes, and court the breezes of the south; and, except those who are allured by connections and swayed by local considerations, Scarborough contains among its visitors more votaries of health than of dissipation."













# ST. AGATHA'S ABBEY, EASBY.

HIS beautiful Abbey, of which the ruins that remain are still extensive, was founded for Premonstratensian Canons about the middle of the twelfth century. The church, which stands at a considerable distance from the village of Easly, is also dedicated to St. Agatha. It is

situated in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about one mile east of Richmond, on the river Swale. Turner and his friend Girtin loved old ruins, and drew them with a tender care that makes them precious even now. Had Girtin lived he might have been Turner's rival; for Turner himself, in whom there was no feeling of jealousy of his friend, owned that he could not equal him in the glorious golden tone of his drawings. This is just such a place as they would have enjoyed sketching together, with its lovely ruins full of remains of the beautiful Early English work, with its quiet river gliding by far away from the bustle and dust of towns, with its simple villagers leading their horses down to drink, and its homely maidens milking their cows—a place where any one who has a grain of poetry in his composition would like to stretch himself upon the grass and watch the beams slant less and less against the old walls, until the sky was red with sunset

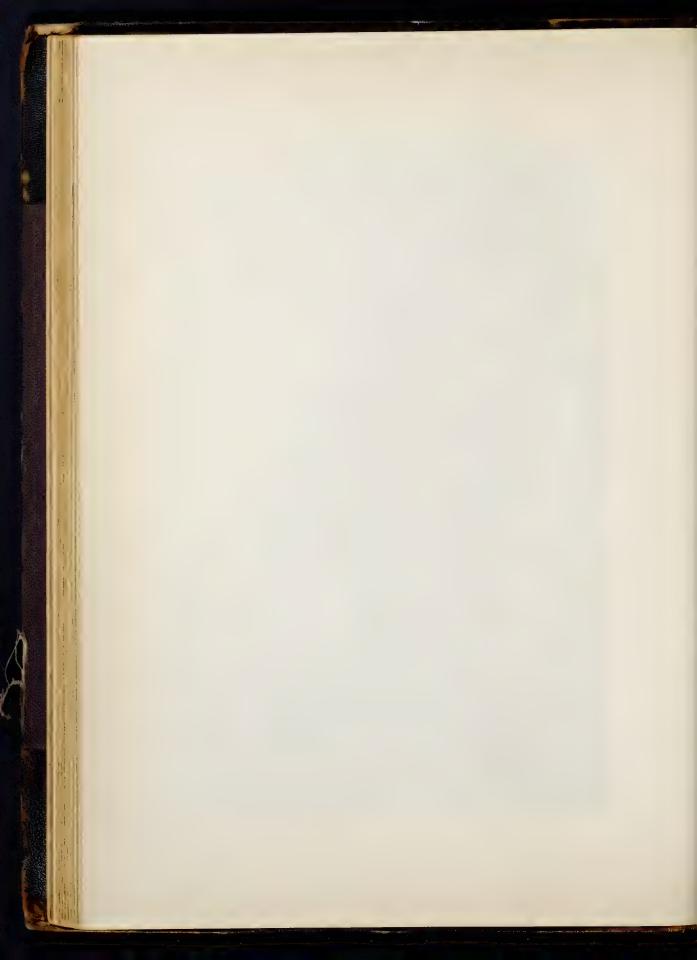












# JUNCTION OF THE GRETA AND TEES.

HE following lines are part of the wonderful description of the course of the Greta in the second canto of "Rokeby":—

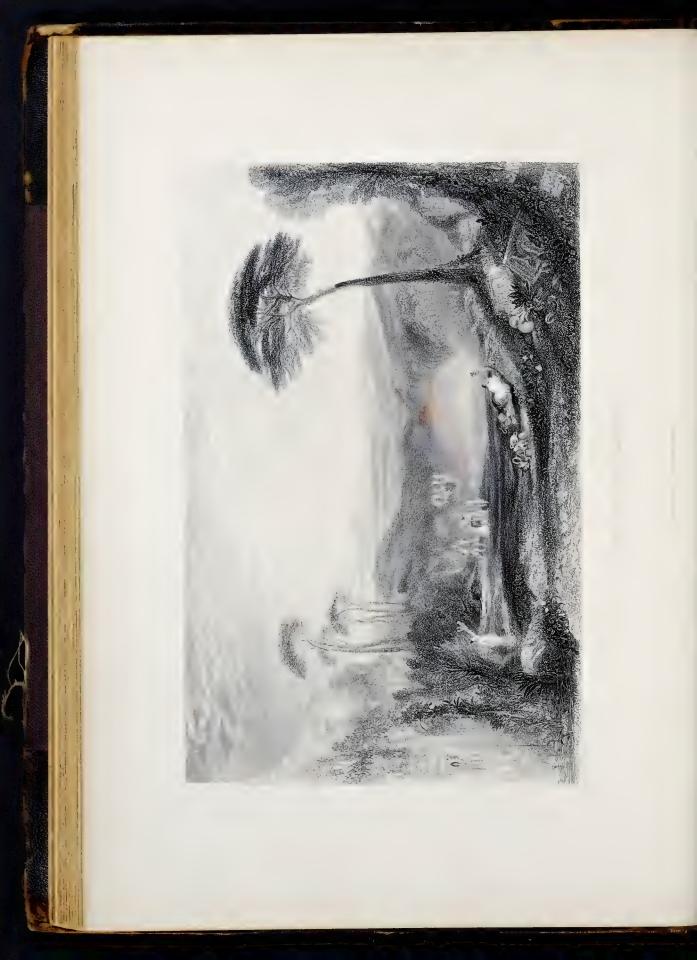
"A stern and lone, yet lovely road As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode! Broad shadows o'er their passage fell, Deeper and narrower grew the dell; It seemed some mountain rent and riven A channel for the stream had given, So high the cliffs of limestone gray Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way, Yielding, along their narrow base, A flinty footpath's niggard space, Where he who winds 'twixt rock and wave May hear the headlong torrent rave, And like a steed in frantic fit, That flings the froth from curb and bit, May view her chafe her waves to spray O'er every rock that bars her way, Till foam-globes on her eddy ride, Thick as the schemes of human pride That down life's current drive amain, As frail, as frothy, and as vain."

The little village of Rokeby, near which the beautiful little Greta runs into the Tees, has many poetical associations. It was a favourite retreat of the poet Mason, and gave the name to the celebrated poem by Scott, which was illustrated by Turner with another view of the same spot taken from a different point, so as to show Greta Bridge, which crosses the Greta a little before the end of its separate course.

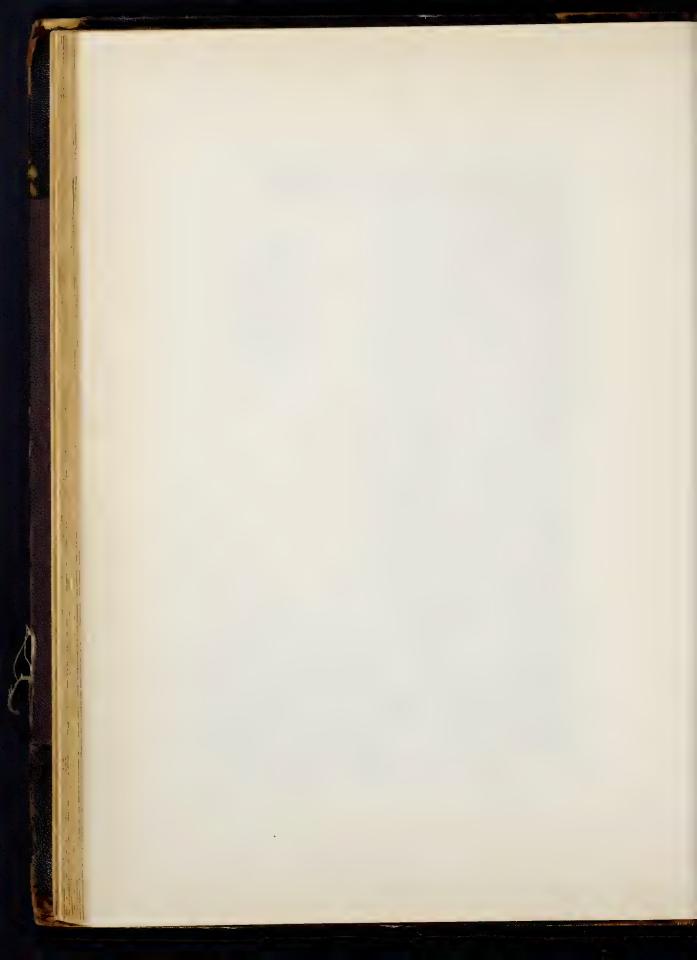












# THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

HIS picture is one of the Vernon Collection now in the National Gallery; it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1834. As a specimen of Turner's ideal-landscape painting it is, perhaps, unrivalled for its size. Its richness of colour, aerial perspective, and the almost

infinite fulness of every inch of the canvas appear miraculous. In the Catalogue of the National Gallery it is called "Lake Avernus—The Fates and the Golden Bough." The golden bough, as described by Virgil in the sixth book of the Æneid, grew on a tree in a grove near Lake Avernus, and was the passport to the Infernal Regions. Æneas, wishing to visit his father Anchises in the nether world, was directed by the Cumæan Sibyl to seek for and pluck this golden bough, which with the aid of the doves of his mother, Venus, he succeeded in doing. What Turner precisely meant by the figures in this picture it is difficult to say; but, speaking of this picture and that of "The Bay of Baiæ," Ruskin remarks that "in both these pictures there is a snake in the foreground among the fairest leafage, a type of the terror, or temptation, which is associated with the lovely landscapes; and it is curious that Turner seems to have exerted all his strength to give the most alluring loveliness to the soft descents of the Avernus Lake."













## DEAL.



EAL has, perhaps, suffered less change since this drawing was made, than any place of its size on the coast of Kent. Crowded to the beach with its queer tumbledown houses and huts intersected by narrow alleys, and bearing about it an "old and fishlike smell," it

has defied all efforts to make it into a fashionable watering-place. We visited it a few years ago, and, if we are not mistaken, had lodgings in that identical corner house, with its many-paned windows, which stands so picturesquely on the left of the picture. Opposite the Downs and near the fatal Goodwins the place has an unenviable notoriety for wrecks, and its inhabitants an equally unenviable notoriety for wrecking, happily mitigated by numberless instances of bravery in saving life. The approaching storm, the savage streak of lightning, the wreck in the distance, and the crowd on shore busy in launching their boats (with doubtless a mingled hope of usefulness and "salvage"), show that the thought which predominated in Turner's mind was, as usual, the one most characteristic of the place.













## THE BAY OF BAIÆ.

"Nihil in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amenis."

HORACE.

HE story of the Cumæan sibyl is like that of Tithonus, changing the sexes of the mortal and immortal. The name of this unfortunately-gifted sibyl was Deiphobe, and in her youth she was beloved by Apollo, who, at her request, granted her a life of as many years

as she held grains of sand in her hand. Unhappily, she did not ask for perpetual youth, and she wasted away until only her voice was left, which one is profanely tempted to think a vanishing power only equalled by the famous Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland," that vanishes till nothing but the grin is left. The beauty of the scene in which she lived was, we trust, an alleviation to her very lifelong misery. Certainly Turner seldom if ever painted a more lovely view than this, which is lovely still, despite some sad ravages of time. The excessive and almost confusing richness of detail in this picture is, according to Ruskin, the main fault of the composition. "There is," he says, "a surfeit of material. No composition whatever could render such a quantity digestible; nay, the very goodness of the composition is harmful, for everything so leads into everything else that we are dragged through arch after arch and round tower after tower, never getting leave to breathe until we are jaded." We confess we wish that a few more of our living artists erred in the same fashion.













# THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

IIIS picture, now in the Hall of Greenwich Hospital, is very inferior both as a battle-scene and in pictorial effect to that of the "Death of Nelson," previously given. It was painted for George IV. and given by him to the Hospital. The *Redoutable* is represented, con-

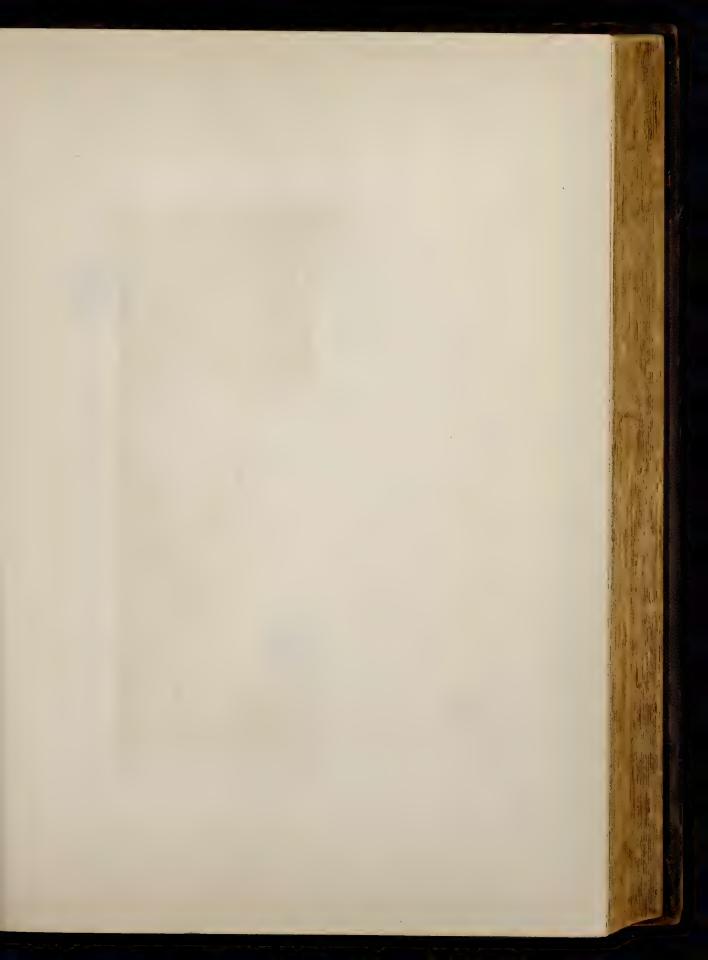
trary to fact, as sinking under the bows of the Victory, and several incidents which occurred at different times are represented as happening at the same moment. The part taken by the Victory in the struggle is thus told by Mr. Wornum:—
"Nelson ordered the Victory to be steered to the bow of the Santissima Trinidad, distinguishable by her four decks, and a little after twelve she had her maintopmast shot away, before she returned a single gun herself; and Nelson having found that it was impossible to break the enemy's line, without running on board one of their ships, closed with the Redoutable, which received her with a broadside, and then instantly let down her lower-deck ports for fear of being boarded through them. Captain Harvey, in the Téméraire, fell on board the Redoutable on the other side, and the Fougueux in like manner fell on board the Téméraire, so that these four ships appeared to be moored together." The position of the Victory in this picture is therefore clearly inaccurate, but it is interesting as an attempt to represent the great naval victory of the 21st of October, 1805.













#### TEIGNMOUTH.

EIGNMOUTH, like most other watering-places on the coast of England, has altered much since this sketch was taken. It is, as its name implies, situated at the mouth of the river Teign, one of the loveliest rivers in England. Turner's point of view is evidently not taken with

a view to showing the principal topographical features of the place, which is remarkable for the huge sandbank called the Don or Dune which runs for a mile in front of the town, and is now covered with grass and turned into a fine promenade, and also for almost the longest bridge in the world, which connects it with Shaldon, a suburb on the south side of the river. It appears from this view to be a quiet village at the mouth of a river not remarkable for its beauty, and the employment of its inhabitants would appear to be the breaking up of old ships. A few logs of timber in the foreground note one of the principal articles of export. Artistically, however, there is little to be found fault with in this charming drawing; the effect of light and shade, the beauty of the aerial perspective, remind one of his later manner.













# THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

HIS picture is an extraordinary instance of the versatility of Turner's powers. It was painted in emulation (good-natured emulation we believe) of Wilkie, who had in the preceding year (1806) achieved his reputation by his celebrated picture of the "Village Politicians."

"The Blacksmith's Shop" is very carefully finished in the style of the old Dutch artists, and shows that had he so chosen he could have excelled in genre pictures, but it lacks the life and humour so characteristic of his Scotch rival. The title given by Turner in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy was "A Country Blacksmith disputing with a Butcher upon the Price of Iron, and the Charge made for shoeing a Pony." It is certain that the whole of the artist's meaning would never have been discovered, unless he had thus supplemented his brush by his pen. When we think of what Wilkie would have made of such a subject, how fully he would have made the faces and actions of his characters tell the tale without the aid of a title, we can see how useless it would have been for Turner to have continued the rivalry, even if he had been so minded. In other respects, light, shade, composition, colour, drawing, &c., the little picture leaves nothing to be desired.









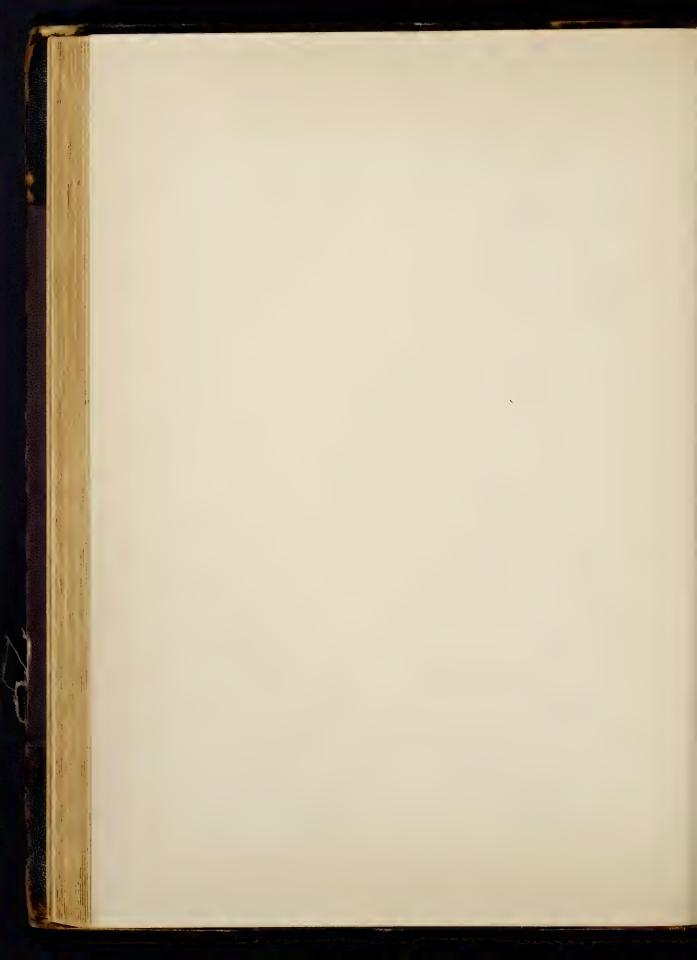




# TEMPLE OF JUPITER PANHELLENIUS.

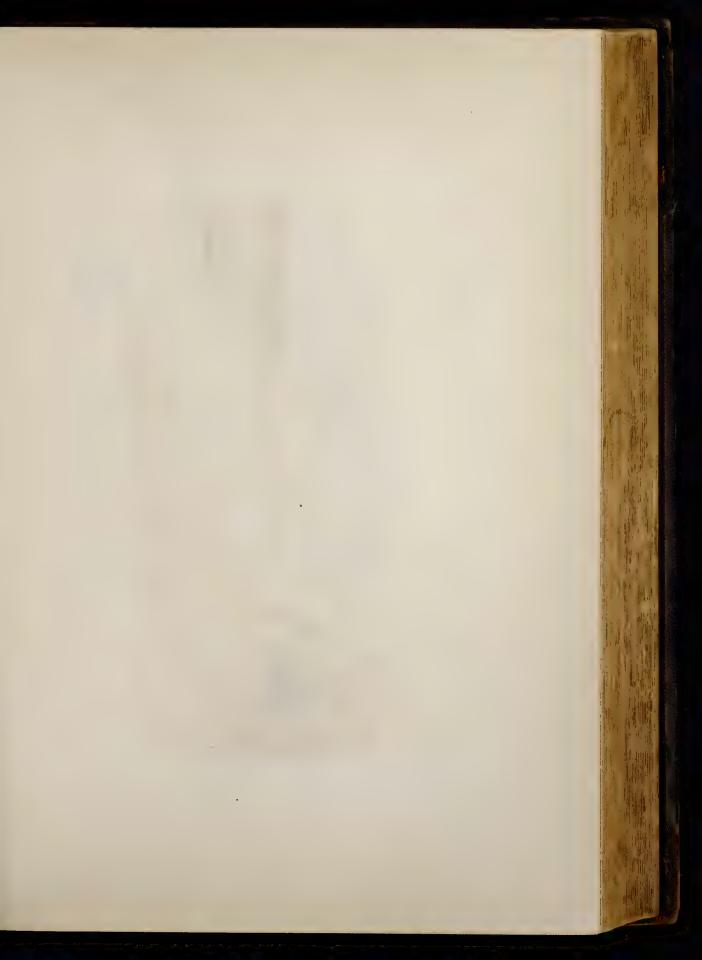
HIS is one of the pictures painted from a sketch by Gally Knight, and, like all pictures painted from sketches by other artists, is somewhat wanting in spirit and reality. It is, however, a gorgeous panorama, and contains passages of subtle beauty which could not have been painted by any other hand than that of Turner. It was till lately in the possession of Wynn Ellis, Esq., and the public had recently an opportunity of viewing it at the sale-rooms of Christie and Manson. The scenery of the background is broken in the middle by the Temple, which has been restored by Turner's imagination to its original glory; on both sides there is a beautiful distance, and the shady hollow on the right is very rich in its transparent depth of warm, wine-like brown. The figures are introduced with Turner's usual skill, especially that in the foreground, and they are designed and drawn with greater care than is usual in his pictures of a later period. The whole picture has, however, a somewhat theatrical appearance, more suggestive of the drop-scene at a theatre than the usual treatment by Turner of classical landscape. The full title of the picture, as given in the Royal Academy Catalogue for 1816, is, "View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island Ægina, with the Greek National Dance of the Romaika; the Acropolis of Athens in the distance. Painted from a sketch taken by H. Gally Knight, Esq., in 1810."

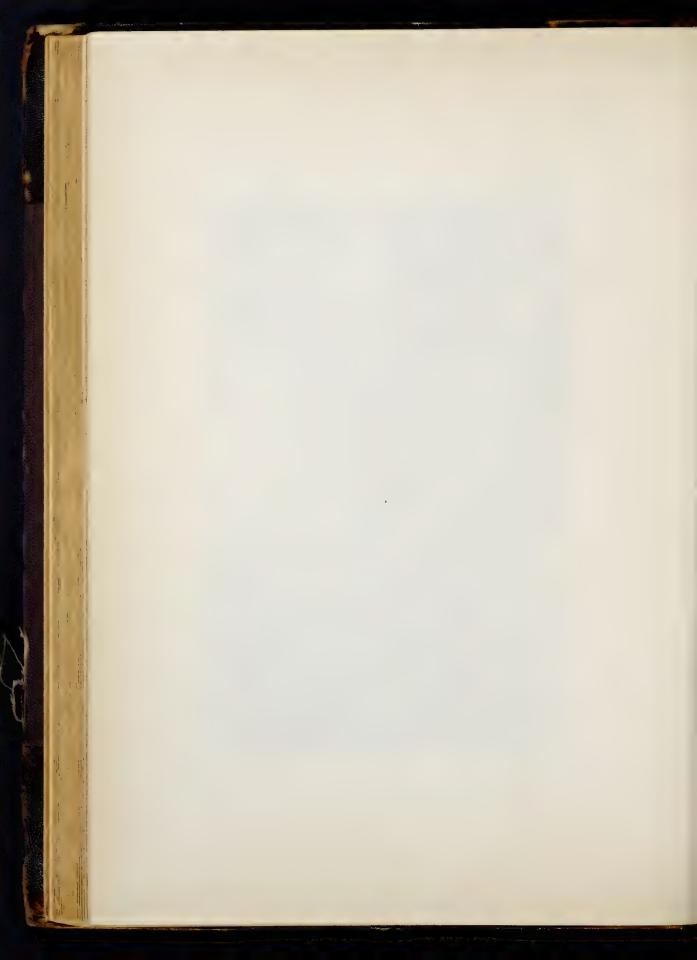












### CLOVELLY BAY.

HE curious and picturesque little village of Clovelly is seen upon the opposite side of the bay, climbing up the cliff like one large terraced building; seen close it is one steep street, of which the roadway is composed of steps and two small brooks, with cottages on each side;

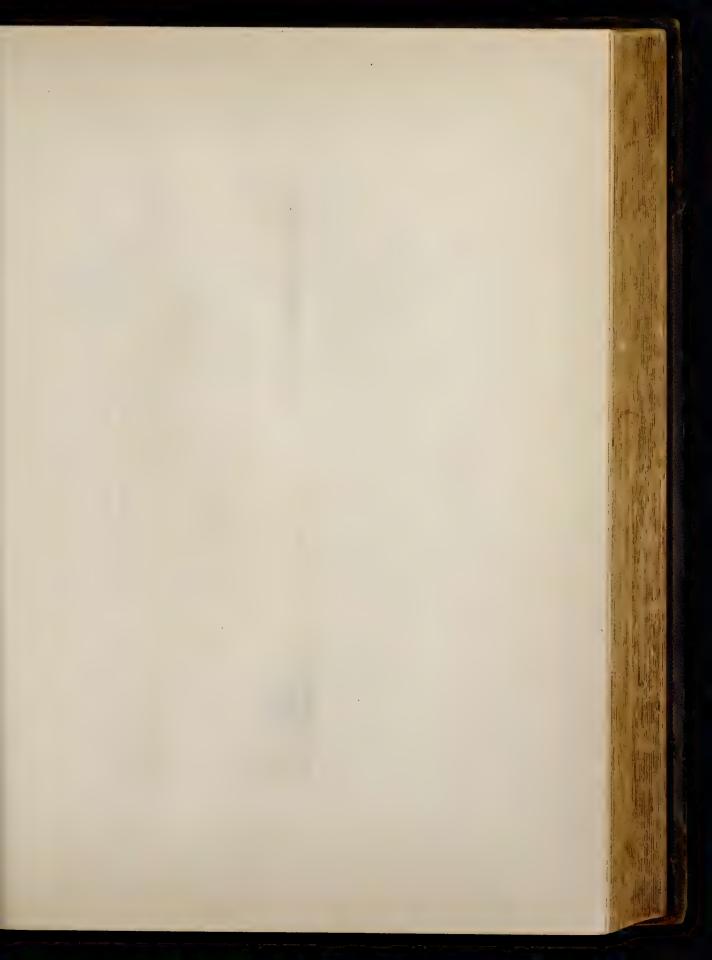
but the trees grow so luxuriantly that it is difficult to see much of it from the distance from which this view is taken. The pier is very ancient, having been built in the time of Richard II., but it was much enlarged about sixty years ago. Beyond stretches out Hartland Point, with its dangerous rocks, and to the right may be seen Lundy Island, with its white cliffs and dark top, looking something like a huge mushroom without a stalk. Owing to the precipitous nature of the cliff upon which Clovelly is built, there is no regular road down to the beach nearer than the point from which Turner has taken his view; even here the road is difficult, and more fit for the pack-donkeys that we see than for carts, two of which are seen beyond, near the mouth of the lime-kiln. The principal employment of the inhabitants of Clovelly is the herring fishery. It is now becoming a favourite spot for tourists to visit, but owing to its isolated position and the difficulty of building on the cliff, it will probably retain its peculiar appearance for many generations.













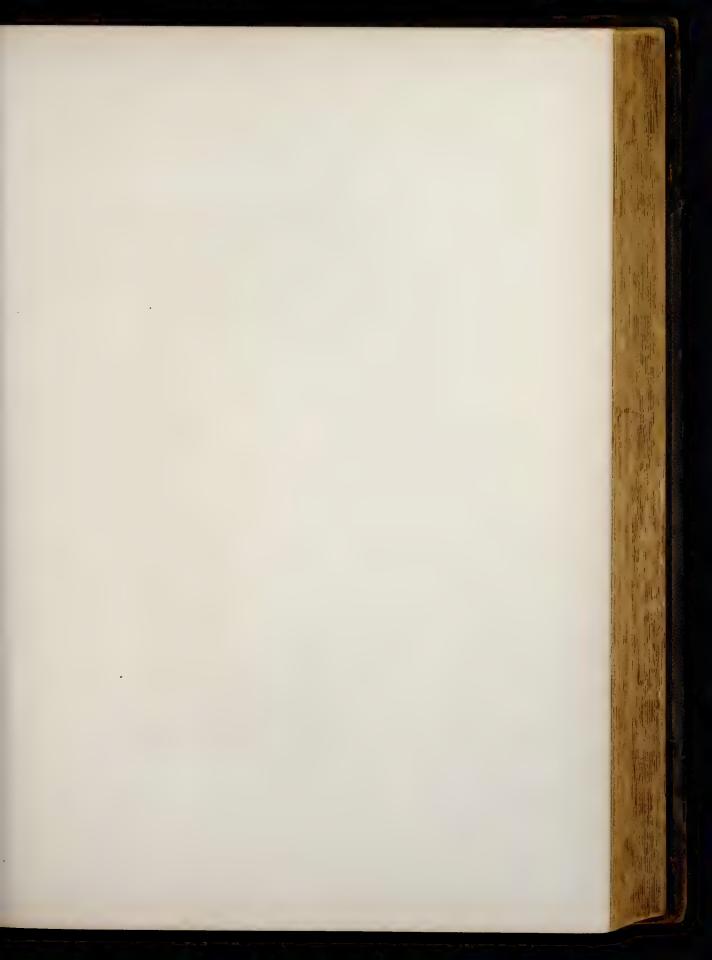
#### FOLKESTONE.

HOUGH we see here but little of the town of Folkestone, Turner could scarcely have chosen a point of view which showed more distinctly the natural and artificial peculiarities of the place. We see the bold line of chalk cliffs to the east falling back as they approach Folke-

stone, and forming a natural recess suitable for the building of a town; we see the harbour and its breakwater, and the effect they have in altering the shore-line of the sea; we see the Cliff and the Undercliff, with one of the results of this curious accident of nature, viz. the provision of places secure from observation for the concealment of smuggled goods. We don't know why smugglers always used to wear conical nightcaps and very broad braces, but it would be impossible to recognise a smuggler without them. It is difficult to say whether the shepherd on the donkey is intended to convey the notion that the smugglers are in danger of detection, or to show how secure they may be even with persons passing on the cliff above. Perhaps he is going to drive his sheep by accident into their vicinity, and to leave one or more behind in return for a barrel or so. Smuggling at Folkestone was one of the customs of the "good old times" which have passed away; and this group in the foreground is by itself enough to show that the picture was taken in the time of our fathers.













### POOLE.

HIS drawing gives a very forcible and accurate idea of the peculiar situation of the town of Poole, which is built on what is almost a peninsula on the north side of Poole harbour. The immense popularity of the neighbouring watering-place of Bournemouth has of late

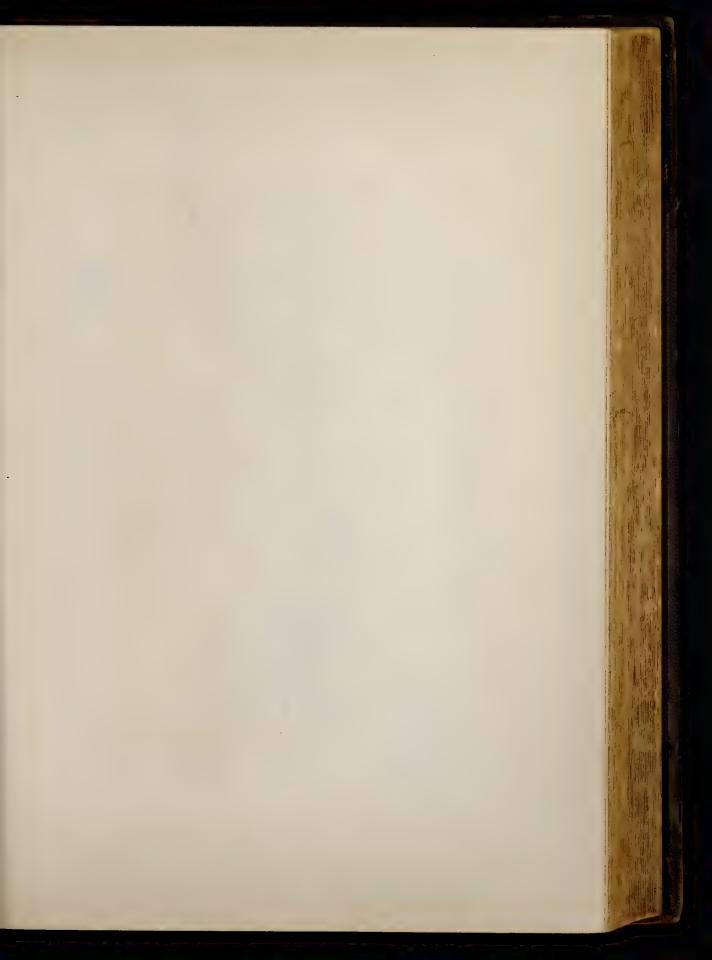
years made the ancient city much better known than formerly. In the harbour are two large oblong islands, one of which, Branksea, was of late years brought into some notoriety, and now belongs to, or is rented by, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P. The harbour is a quarter of a mile wide, and a channel from two to six fathoms deep leads up to the town. In its vicinity is the famous ruin of Corfe Castle. There are extensive potteries here, and one hundred and fifty thousand tons of Purbeck clay for the Staffordshire potteries are shipped from the port annually. The most remarkable feature of our engraving, besides the beautifully evanescent distance, is the skill with which Turner has introduced the timberwaggon in the foreground, which, with its team of four horses and long trunks, extends more than half across the picture, and greatly relieves the flatness of the view.













### MARGATE.

T the time when our sketch was taken railways were not, and persons who could not afford the expenses of posting, or who preferred a short sea-voyage, used to go to Margate in a vessel called a hoy. Never having to our knowledge seen a "hoy," we cannot state

whether Turner has introduced one into his drawing, but we are told by a guide-book, published in 1815, that, "Post-chaises and stage-coaches present nothing particular, being the same in most parts of the kingdom, except that on this road—the road to Margate—the drivers of such vehicles, as well as their masters, have been accused as impertinent and imposing; but, by a proper competition, the offence is now generally done away. The passage in the Margate hoy, which, like the grave, levels all distinctions, is frequently so replete with whim, incident, and character, that it may be considered as a dramatic entertainment on the stage of the ocean." We presume this is addressed to the good sailors. The fare was nine shillings for the common cabin, eleven shillings for the second, and thirteen shillings for the state cabin. The guidebook, however, cannot recommend the hoy to persons of delicacy; and adds, "From Peter Pindar's ode to this vehicle, take the following lines; the whole is a just picture of such a voyage:—

"" Go, beauteous hoy, in safety every inch;
That storms should wreck thee gracious Heaven forbid,
Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch,
Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd!
Go with thy cargo Margate town amuse,
And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!
Soon as thou gett'st within the pier
All Margate will be out I trow,
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou hadst wild beasts to show.""











# A FIRE AT SEA.

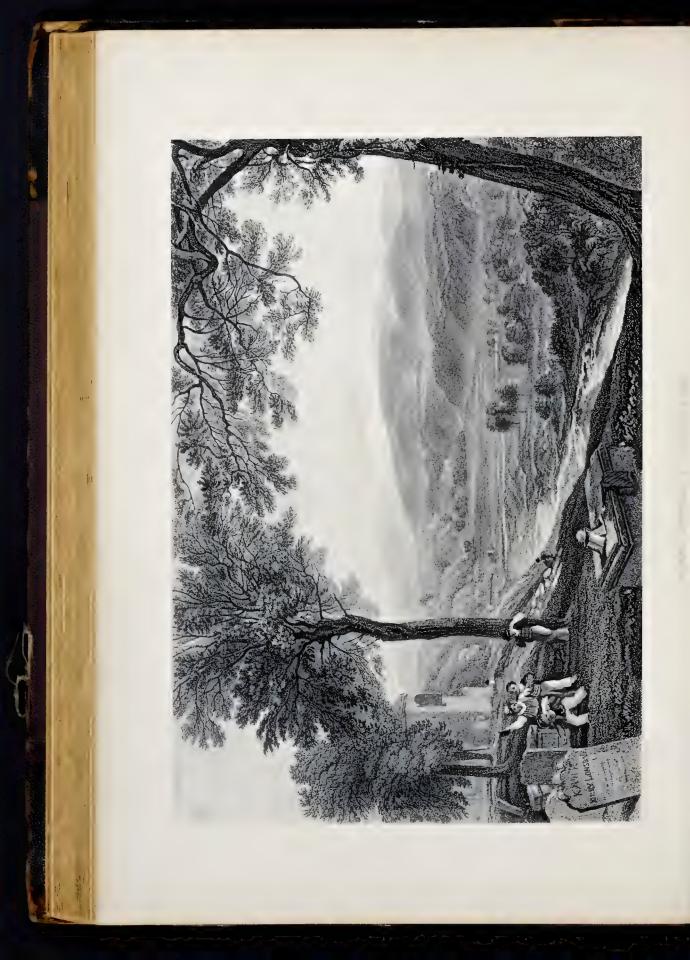
OHNSON once described life on board ship as imprisonment with the chance of being drowned; but even this is preferable to the chance of being burnt, which, alas! occasionally happens to those surrounded on all sides by water. The alternatives of being drowned or burnt are

almost equally dreadful; and to be placed between two deaths one or other of which is inevitable, is about the hardest trial that man's fortitude can undergo. Yet men have gone through it and borne it well; have faced death and died, after having provided as well as possible for the safety of the few whom the boats could carry. Sometimes, alas! there has been a different picture—a picture of confusion, of disregard of the helplessness of the weak, a fight for life in which the strongest would not one whit forego their natural advantages. And who shall wonder that it is so? None who looks on our engraving surely, by which, unfinished as it is, the appalling catastrophe of a fire at sea is brought vividly before our eyes. There appears a cruel irony in the quiet, cold light of the little moon rising calmly beyond the seething mass of agonised human beings flushed with the glare of the fire.













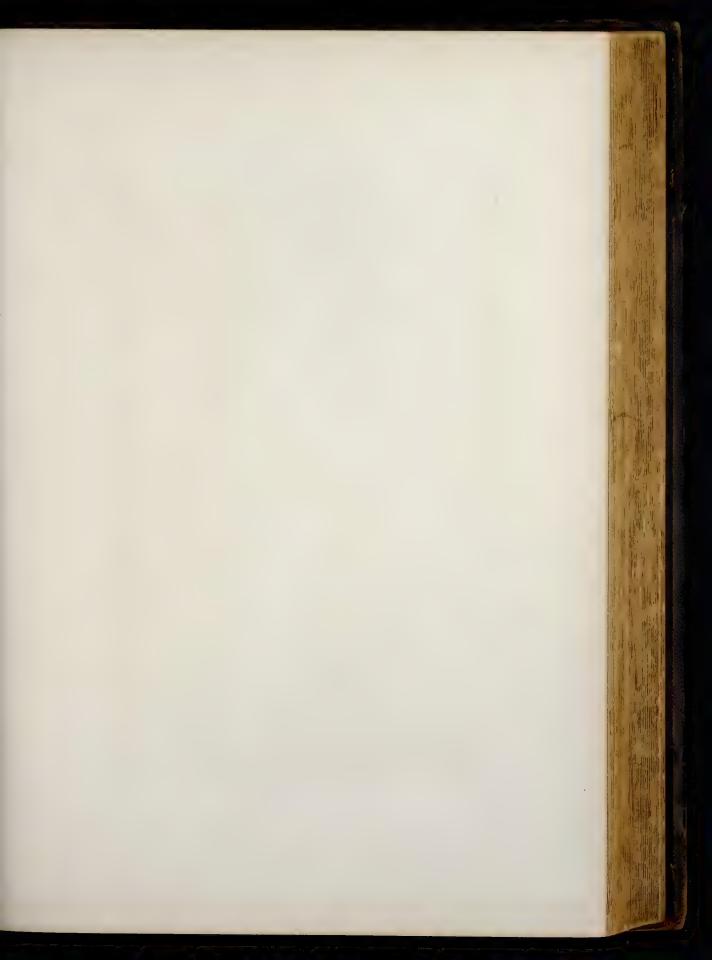
# KIRKBY-LONSDALE CHURCHYARD.

E have already written something of the Lune (or Lon),\* and have mentioned that one of the places by which it passes is Kirkby-Lonsdale, in Westmoreland. Here we have another view of its waters, this time nearer its source, and running through a loftier and

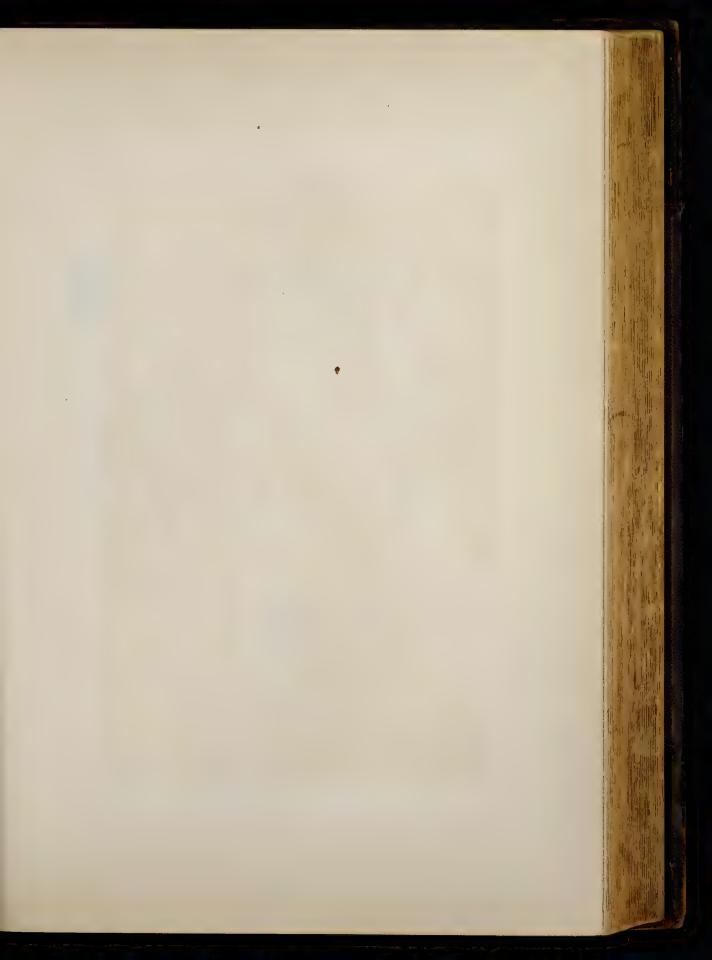
not less beautiful part of its panorama. As in the former drawing, we fancy that Turner's aerial perspective or that of our engraving is somewhat at fault, for the distance between the trees in the foreground and those on the opposite side of the Lune does not appear to be great enough to account for the difference in their respective sizes. It is remarkable, however, in such an early drawing as this, with how much character the boughs of the nearest trees are drawn, and with what lightness the leaves are hung against the sky. The small piece which Turner shows us of the church is enough to make us reconciled to the loss of the remainder. In the churchyard some boys are engaged in the somewhat irreverent pastime of a "cock-shy;" nor are they, apparently, more respectful to learning than to the associations of the place, for the object of their missiles appears to be a temporary erection of books upon a tombstone, and, if we are not mistaken, one of the missiles about to be hurled is a book also. Shocking creatures, boys! Yet we have heard of a grown-up and respectable man bearing with him in his holidays a packet of official correspondence, merely for the pleasure of kicking it about the room after breakfast.

<sup>\*</sup> See "Crook of Lune, looking towards Hornby Castle."









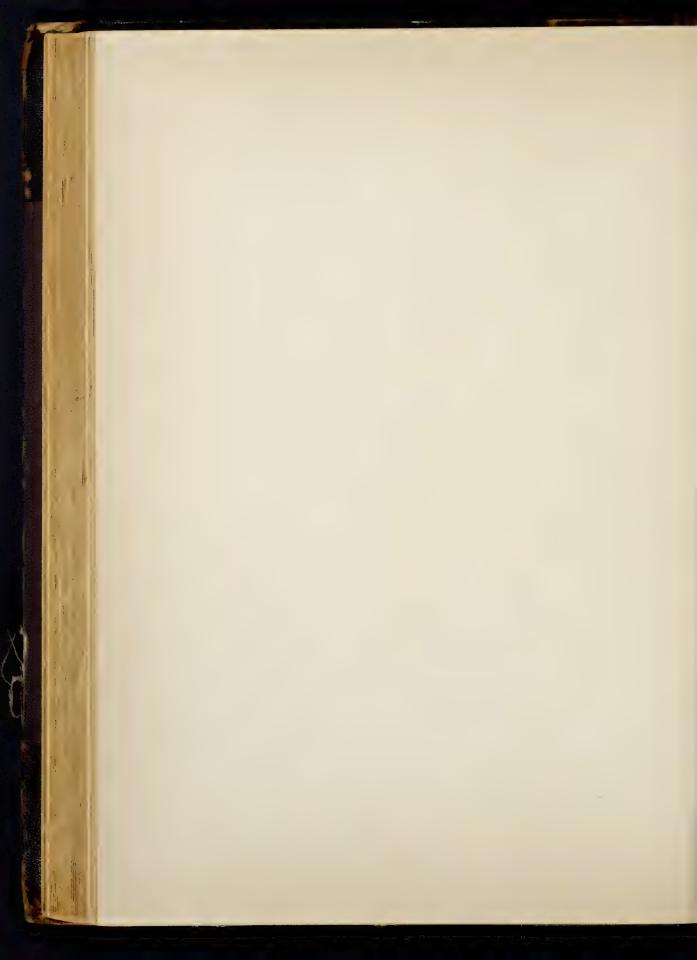


## ILFRACOMBE.

HERE is scarcely any place on the shores of Great Britain which should be more carefully avoided by ships than that on which this unfortunate vessel has struck. The whole coast is here set with jagged and pointed slabs of rock set like rows of teeth slightly sloping towards the sea, on which if a vessel once touches all hope of saving her is over. And not only her but her crew, for above rise the precipitous sides of the great hill called Hillsborough, which it is almost impossible to descend or ascend to or from the sea. Nothing can be finer or truer than the manner in which Turner has

the sea. Nothing can be finer or truer than the manner in which Turner has drawn this dangerous coast and cruel sea. In the distance we see the entrance to Ilfracombe Harbour, with the Lantern Hill, on the top of which is an old chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, and now used as a lighthouse. Beyond rises the famous Capstone Hill, with the Seven Tors in the distance. Ilfracombe has increased and altered much of late years, but there is little difference perceptible from the point of view taken by Turner.













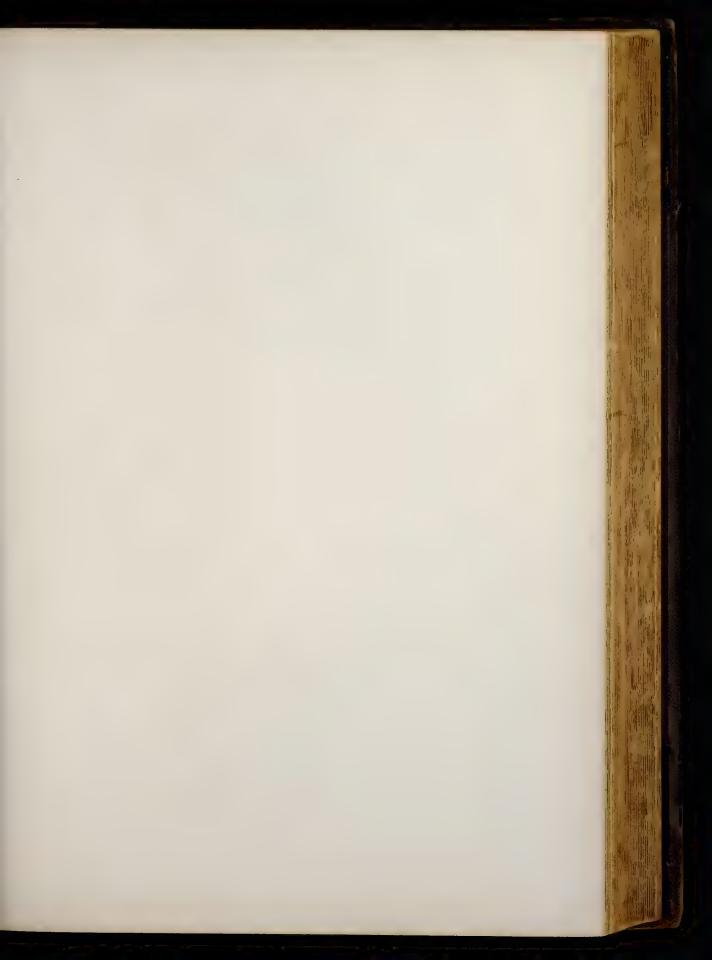
# HEYSHAM AND CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

HE costumes of the peasantry in this drawing take us back to the end of the last century or the beginning of this, about which time this drawing was probably made. Born in 1775 and dying in 1851, Turner drew almost incessantly for over sixty years—for he exhibited his first

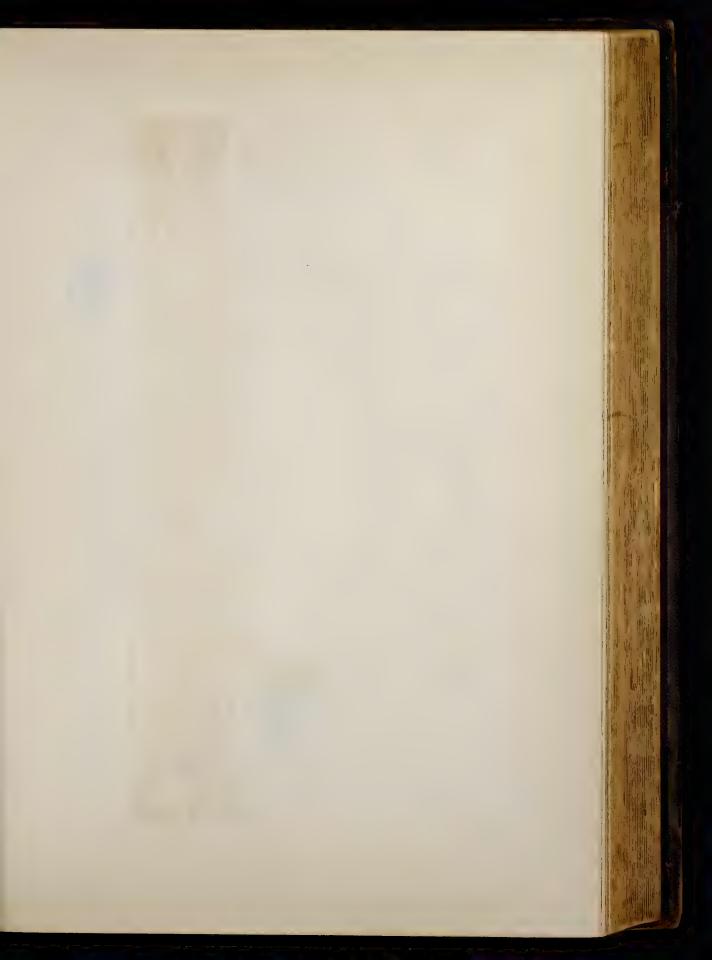
drawing in 1790, when fifteen years of age, and his last picture in 1850, when seventy-five. In 1797 he visited the North of England, and it was probably in this year or before that he made this clever drawing of Heysham, which, like so many of these early efforts, is full of life, both animal and human. Turner has given us all the peculiar features of this little place, which is situated on the coast between Lancaster and Morecambe bays. We see the curious open church-tower, and the ruins of the small chapel near it, the farmhouse near the sea, the milkmaid, and the girl tending the cows. We cannot quite make out the crop which is being reaped by the woman on the right, or what the good woman in the foreground has in the basket; but it is altogether a very interesting scene, and the dog and the cows are drawn with much care and spirit.













# BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.

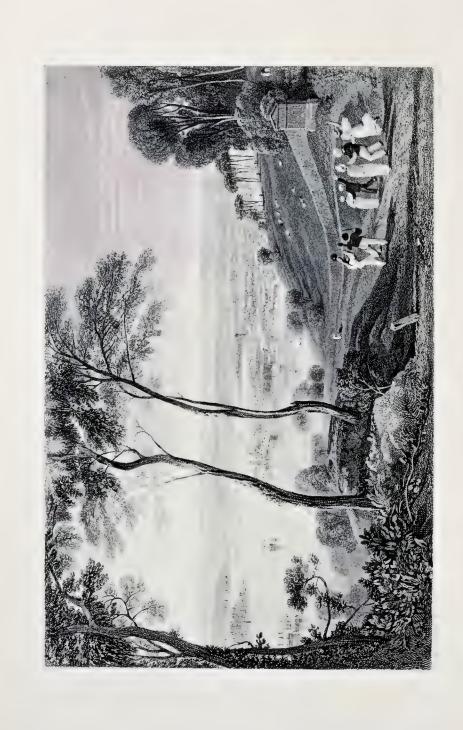
HIS pier, an engineering wonder in its day, appears old-fashioned now, and as out of keeping with the splendours of new Brighton as a hackney carriage. No one now painting Brighton would choose to insist so much upon the long ugliness of the Chain Pier, but it

would be difficult to find a more picturesque point of view for this singularly unpicturesque town. London-super-Mare—the queen of watering-places, retreat so dear to the fashionable world, who love to take their rural holiday with as large as possible a mixture of townlike gaiety; who view the seaside as a place of promenade, and the sea breezes as a pleasant form of medicine—has little charm for the artist or the poet. But, wherever there is sea or sky there is beauty, and here there are both, and at this distance from the shore, despite that ugly connecting link of a pier, there is some sense of natural peace—or at least there was when Turner drew it. Then there was no Aquarium, with its strange medley of science and flirtation, of music and mullets. Now we fear that we could not listen to the washing of the waves without the interruption of a brass band, nor watch the flight of a sea-gull without catching a glimpse of the latest thing in skirts or streamers fluttering along the esplanade. Brass bands are good, sometimes, and so are fish, and so are latest fashions, and so are the sea and fishing-boats, but they don't mix well.













## DEVONPORT.

HIS is, as is well known, one of the most important of our naval depôts. This view is taken from the beautiful height of Mount Edgecumbe, on which is the noble mansion of the earl of that name, and shows us the Hamoaze, the splendid estuary of the Tamar, which is four miles long and half-a-mile wide, with a depth varying from fifteen to twenty fathoms. It has moorings for nearly a hundred line-of-battle ships. On the left in the middle distance is the famous dockyard, which has a shore-line of three thousand five hundred feet, five docks, and a graving slip. It is now enclosed by a wall of slate and limestone eighty feet in height, and covers ninety-six acres. Turner was always fond of everything connected with the sea and shipping and sailors, and thoroughly sympathized with the free and jovial character of the latter. Some of these he has represented in the foreground in a high state of exhilaration, dancing along the road with their lasses and waving their arms; one of them, and not the least active or merry, has a wooden leg. The beautiful view is one which it is difficult to look at without a flush of national pride both on account of the loveliness of the scene and the testimony it bears to the naval greatness of Britain. Devonport is also famous for its fine naval and military hospitals, the former of which covers twenty-four acres and contains one thousand two hundred beds.













# DUTCH BOATS IN A GALE.

HIS is one of the finest of Turner's pictures in his early style, when he was still following in the track of the old masters, but revivifying their style with new observation and his individual genius. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1801, when Turner

was but twenty-six years old, but even then not only the finest landscape painter in England, but perhaps already producing work of its kind unequalled by any artist who ever lived. Simple as the subject is, the composition and execution are so masterly as to strike the spectator at once with a sense of perfect harmony and truth. The gale is springing up suddenly and freshly, and the boats, surprised at their moorings, are hurrying to get everything secured and to set sail. With what suddenness and fury the great black masses of clouds are rolling over the blue sky! With what elasticity the sea is commencing to plunge and rise in innumerable foam-fringed waves! How buoyantly the broad-beamed boats ride upon them, and how finely are their sturdy hulls brought out against the foam that dashes against their bows! One has already hoisted sail, with its great white canvas boldly filled out against the dark cloud beyond; and others are hastening to do the same, and they will soon be all ready and snug to face the gale.













## ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

HE subject of this beautiful picture, now in the Sheepshanks Collection at South Kensington, is a remarkable granite rock, about a mile in circumference and two hundred and fifty feet high, in Mounts Bay, Cornwall. It has been famous from the very early times in which

the Phœnician merchants used to come to Cornwall for tin; it was a favourite resort for worship of the Ancient Britons, and, soon after the introduction of Christianity, became a place of pilgrimage. Here a hermitage was founded in the fifth century by St. Kelna, and afterwards a Benedictine Priory was built here, the refectory of which is now the dining-room of the present proprietor, Sir J. St. Aubyn, Bart. Around its base and covered with sand there are the remains of a forest. This rock and the building on its summit also played a part in the civil war, when it was fortified by Charles I. and taken by Colonel Hammond. Turner, by a clever management of clouds and light, has made the curious rock with its picturesque castle stand out in all its peculiar beauty, and any one can discern, even in the engraving, the marvellous power with which the wet shining sand and its reflections are painted by the artist













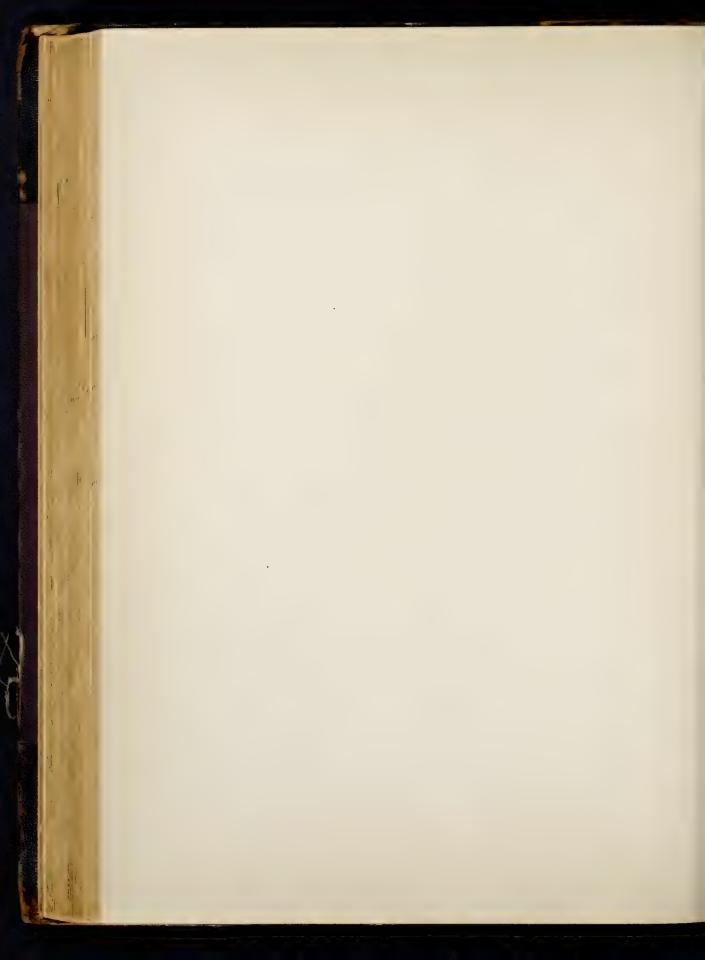
# BRIGHTLING OBSERVATORY.

HIS is one of Turner's early sketches, principally topographical in intention, but treated with the feeling of an artist. The point of view is very happily chosen, both to show the beauty of the cultivated landscape and the elevation of the Observatory. It does not need a foot-note to tell that the scene is taken from one of our well-kept parks, in which

foot-note to tell that the scene is taken from one of our well-kept parks, in which every advantage is taken of the natural formation of the ground to plant trees in the most effective situations. It is certain that nature never placed that row of poplars where they are, or tufted that hill on the left with its crown of trees. The smooth cultivation of the park is well contrasted with the broken piece of ground, rough with all manner of weeds, in the foreground; nor could figures be more happily introduced than these—especially the cows wending their gentle way, one after the other, with a rhythmic sway of head and body.

Brightling is a village in Sussex, about four miles from Battle. The downs in the neighbourhood rise to about six hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, a fact which will account for the presence of an observatory and the apparent lowness of some of the clouds.

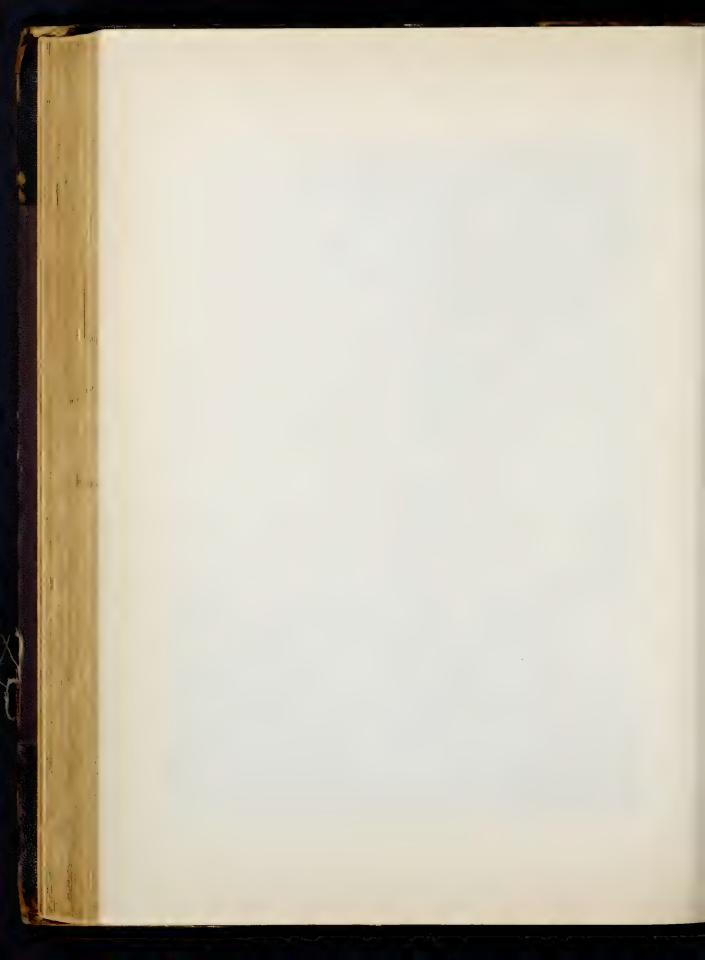












### ANCIENT ROME.

E are told, on doubtful authority we think, that Turner in his youth was given up as hopeless by Mr. Thomas Malton, his master in perspective. It is just possible that it may be true, for Turner's earliest work shows no sign of quickness, and it was only by the

hardest unremitting plodding for years that he attained the technical mastery which enabled him to give full rein to his genius. He was also apprenticed to an architect, and whether or no he gave up this branch of art as hopeless, his pictures give proof that had he continued to work at that branch of art he might have attained as distinguished a position as he did as a master of perspective. Nothing is more remarkable in his ideal pictures than their architectural suggestiveness, which is manifest even in his latest, such as this, when his hand was no longer able to depict with full power the visions that crossed his still vigorous fancy. Despite its vagueness and want of finish there is a grandeur of conception in this dream of "Ancient Rome" sufficient to make the reputation of a painter; and a wealth of imagination in the visionary buildings and their grouping which would set up half-a-dozen architects in business.

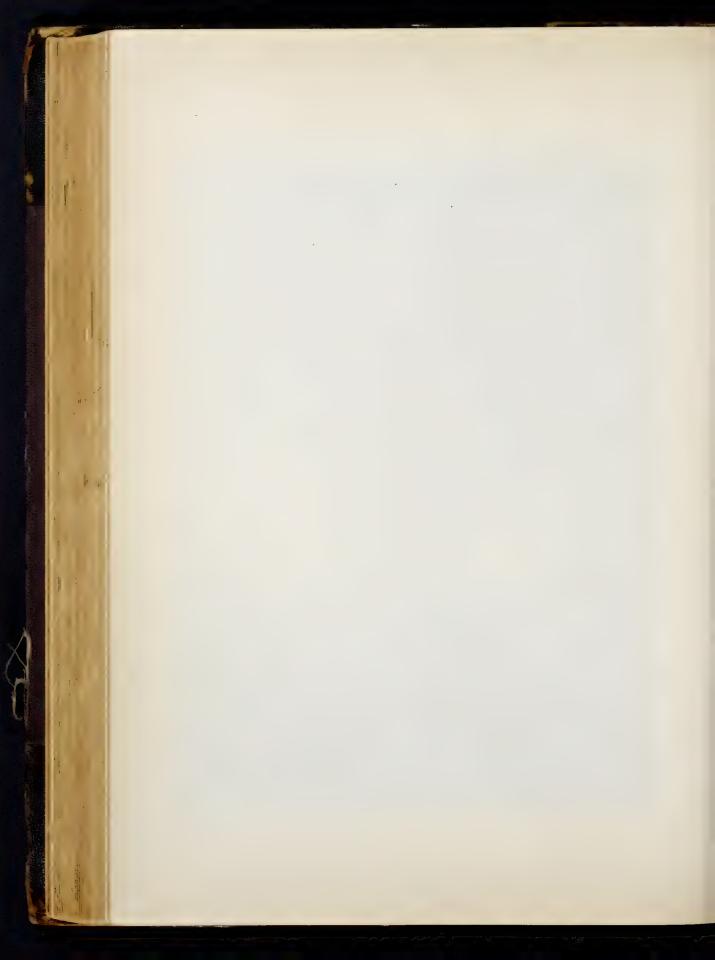












### THE SUN RISING IN A MIST.

HIS is one of the pictures which Turner left to the nation on the condition that it should be hung next to one of the great Claudes.

Turner rightly appreciated this picture as one of his masterpieces; and it would be difficult to find one even of his pictures of a similar

subject which would bear its rivalry. To detail its many beauties would be tedious as it is unnecessary, for to many of our readers they are well known, and to the rest more than we have space to detail are sufficiently obvious in our engraving; to them we will only say that the colour and execution are equal to the composition. It is not, however, quite easy to define why Turner should have wished this picture to have been hung near Claude's. As to the other picture which he left to the nation on the same terms, there is no difficulty, for both artists were on the same ground, and "The Building of Carthage" was well suited in subject and treatment to rival Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba." But what has an English coast-scene with a sun rising in a mist to do with a sunny ideal landscape of Claude? Perhaps his intention was to show that here he was on ground where Claude never attempted or could attempt to follow him—the ground of pure nature. If this was his intention he has succeeded.













### MINEHEAD.

NE of the most curious and picturesque bays and the safest harbours in the Bristol Channel. The town was once of great importance, with a large trade, and is divided into three parts—the Higher, the Lower, and the Quay Town. In the neighbourhood is the ancient

mansion of Bralton Court. The church is situated in the Higher Town, on the hill called Greenaleigh, seen in the distance stretching out to sea. Here on the shore submarine trees are found, showing that the level of the land has been depressed. Turner has drawn the place at some distance, in order to give a full view of the bay and the curious towered and embattled hills in the neighbourhood. On the right are his favourite trees, the fir and the aspen. The pedestrian in the foreground, smoking his long clay and with his bundle on a stick, may have been intended by the artist for himself, as this was the way in which he used to travel in those days. Until the passing of the Reform Act, in the reign of William IV., Minehead used to return two members to Parliament; but it has been disfranchised, and its glory and trade have departed. Luckily it still preserves its natural beauty, and it seems to be admirably adapted for a fashionable watering-place.













### VENICE-THE DOGANA.

E presume, from the position in which we see the Dogana, that the view is supposed to be taken from the Grand Canal, looking across the Giudecca to the Island of S. Giorgio Maggiore with its church; but, if so, we do not understand how the Campanile has got into

the position assigned to it. But the topography of Venice is difficult, and after looking at two or three of Turner's pictures of this his favourite city, it becomes more puzzling than ever, for not only does he alter the size and shape of the buildings to suit the convenience of his composition, but he roots them up from one place and plants them in another. But there is one advantage of Turner's Venice or Venices not enjoyed by the real city, and that is that it is unvaryingly beautiful from whatever point of view he chooses to paint it—a rule to which this charming picture is no exception. The wide expanse of the water at the meeting of the different canals is finely broken up with boats, and it would be a pity to pass by this engraving without noting the pretty little dogs introduced on the steps on the right in the foreground.













## ABINGDON, BERKSHIRE.

NE of the quietest and at the same time the most beautiful of Turner's misty English scenes. The objects represented are few and ordinary, but the picture is thoroughly satisfying. It has the peculiar fascination belonging to beauty shrouded in mystery; and

as we stand before and slowly become accustomed to its peculiar atmosphere, it is with it as with Nature, that it becomes clear, and objects appear through the mist whose existence was not suspected at first sight. This is one of the pictures of which, like "Rain, Steam, and Speed"—so different a picture—it is hopeless to expect thorough interpretation in an engraving; but to those who do not know how much more there is in the picture than in the engraving, it will be satisfactory, while to all it will be pleasant. Abingdon is a corruption of Abbandune, "the city of the abbey," and was so called from a Benedictine monastery once at Bagley Wood. To the practised eye of Mr. Wornum this picture is more like a Callcott than a Turner; "but," he adds, "it has his (Turner's) admirable gradation of colour, by which he so skilfully puts everything in its right place, far or near."













## WATCHET.

HE railway has altered much the quaint appearance of this little seaside place since Turner drew it and its small solid breakwater. As the terminus of the North Somerset Railway and the starting-point of the famous coach-ride to Lynton and Ilfracombe, it is now well

known to tourists. It has the appearance of a port in miniature, with its small harbours and fishing stakes, its dwarf cliffs and little cottages. Turner has taken unusual pains to illustrate the pursuits of the people of the locality. It would be difficult to state precisely the occupation of the three figures in the foreground. The woman appears to have a bundle of nets, and the men to be lying at their ease with surroundings suggestive of lunch or conviviality; but they are introduced with a most happy pictorial effect. On the sands beyond a fisherman is laying out his long net to dry; on the cliffs women are performing a similar operation with linen; while in the harbour a smack is being unloaded into a cart which had been dragged into the water for the purpose; two women are also seen wading in the water, apparently returning from a visit to the vessel. The masts to the smacks seem to us to be of unusual height.













# THE PRINCE OF ORANGE LANDING AT TORBAY.

HIS picture is thus described in the Royal Academy Catalogue for 1832:—"The Prince of Orange, William III., embarked from Holland and landed at Torbay, November 4th, 1688, after a stormy passage.

The yacht in which his Majesty sailed was, after many changes and

services, finally wrecked on Hamburg Sands, while employed in the Hull trade" ("History of England"). We cannot say from what History of England Turner culled this interesting piece of information, but the scene itself is thus described by Macaulay:—"A soft breeze sprung up from the south, the mist dispersed, the sun shone forth, and under the mild light of an autumnal noon the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay. The disembarkation immediately commenced. Sixty boats conveyed the troops to the coast. The Prince soon followed. He landed where the quay of Brixham now stands—a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of public veneration in the centre of that busy wharf."













## HORNBY CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

ORKSHIRE, be it understood, not Lancashire, where there is another Hornby Castle, the seat of Pudsey Dawson, Esq. This Hornby Castle is the old seat of the St. Quintins, by whom it was built, and is now the residence, or one of the residences, of the Duke of Leeds.

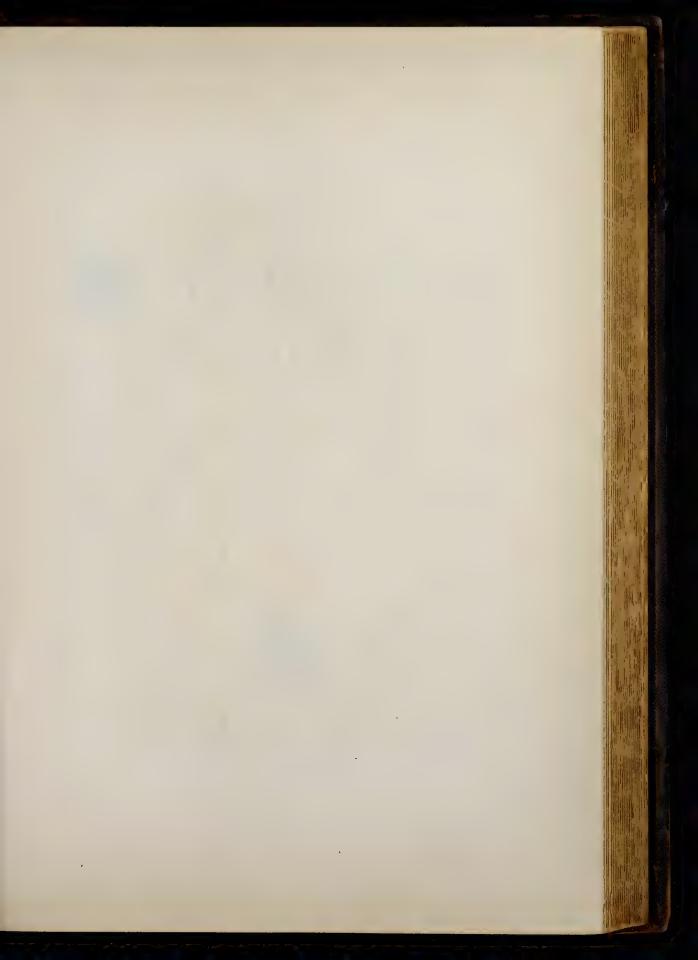
It is situated in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about three miles from Catterick, contains a valuable collection of paintings, and is surrounded by extensive grounds and a park. The church, though singularly uninteresting in appearance according to our engraving, contains a carved oak screen and some very old monuments and brasses. The Castle is situated in a delightful position, surrounded with lofty green hills and commanding a valley watered by a beautiful tributary of the river Swale, which is seen in our view, passing like a cord of silver through a grove of trees. In this drawing Turner has bestowed great pains upon the foreground, which is rich in figures. The milking of cows by the roadside is a local feature probably considered worthy of record by the artist, who has also given us a boy firing off a cannon, and a little girl in a hat of curious shape, together with other figures talking to a man or youth upon a donkey. Farther on in the lane is a cart and two figures, opposite a cottage with a ladder set up against it, and two men in the front garden.













## BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

RIGHTHELMSTONE, as it is still called on our print and also on the Ordnance Map, but more commonly called Brighton nowadays, is too well known to need much description. This is Brighton in the palmy days of George IV., when his dainty pleasure-house, the Pavilion,

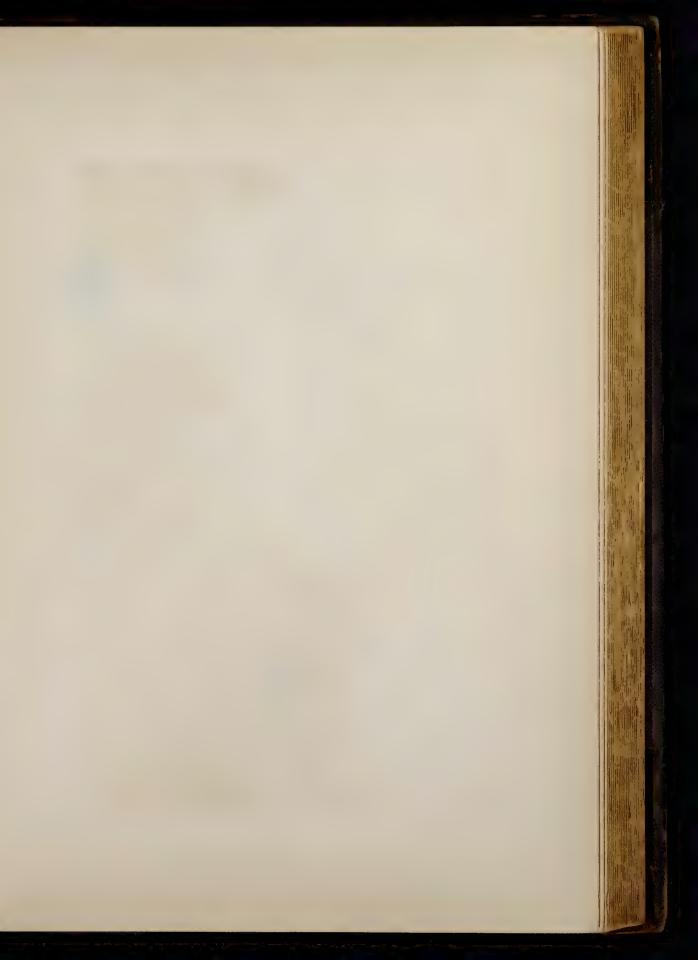
was new and beautiful with paint and gilding. Brighton has seen many changes since then, but no reverses; it has swollen into a mighty city, the largest watering-place in the world, and, with the exception of London, the most favourite place for primary education, there being between three and four hundred private schools. At the time this sketch was taken the number of "academies," as they were called, did not exceed sixteen. It seems, however, then to have possessed Turkish baths, called Mahommed's Baths, near the New Steyne, of which we read that "these baths are kept by a native of Turkey, and combine all the luxuries of the baths of the East." At that time it only contained one church, but it had a theatre, several libraries, and a fashionable club of two hundred members, "all peers, members of Parliament, or members of clubs in London."













#### ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS.

URNER seems to have had more pleasure in painting after his return from Italy in 1819. Daring before, his confidence now appears to have known no bounds—he seemed to paint by inspiration, scorning all models; and, after many brilliant successes and some failures, his

daring and his success culminated in this, the most magnificent of all his works.

Mr. Ruskin calls it the *central* picture in his career.

Ulysses and his companions, according to Homer, in order to escape from the Cyclops, heated his great staff and put out his one eye. The fire of the Greeks is seen under the cliff on the left hand. In front is the gorgeous galley of Ulysses, with its masts crowded with Greeks glorying in the discomfiture of the giant who, a grand misty shape of suffering, is seen on the top of the hill, raising his hand in anguish or rage. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of the morning sky, with the sun rising behind bars of crimson and leaden blue. Mr. Ruskin says of this picture that "the burnished glow upon the sea, and the breezy stir in the blue darkness about the base of the cliffs, and the noble space of receding sky, vaulted with its lines of cloudy gold, and the upper peaks of the snowy Sicilian promontory, are all as perfect and as great as human work can be."













### INGLEBOROUGH, FROM HORNBY CASTLE.

HIS fine Yorkshire mountain rises to the height of two thousand three hundred and sixty-one feet, and is clothed with grass up to the very top, which is generally, as in this drawing, covered with mist. At its foot extends a fine, broad, flat pasture-land, the full beauty of which

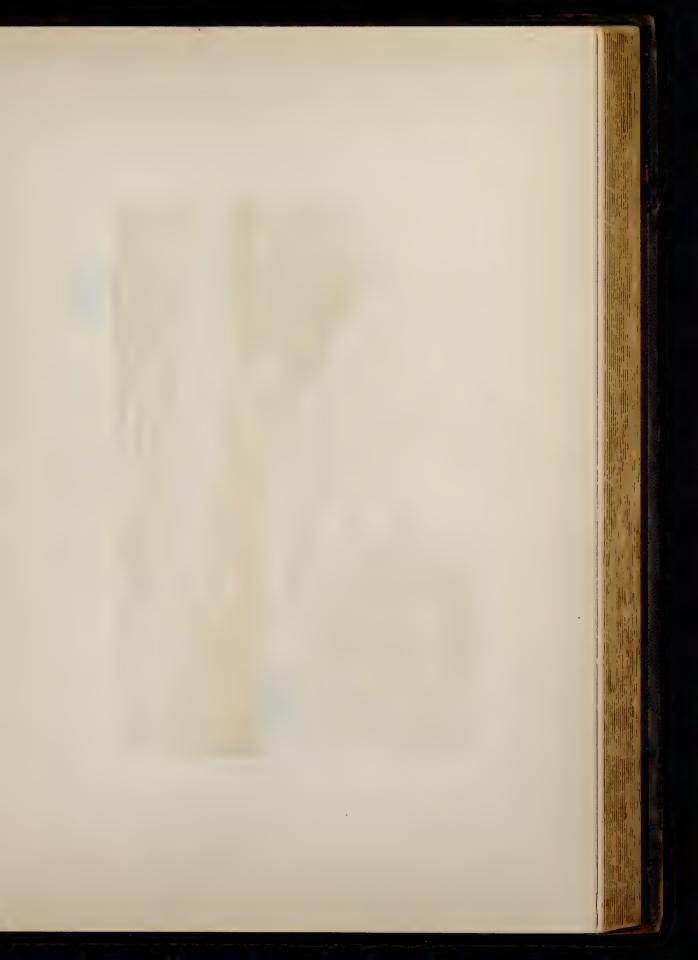
has been given by Turner, together with that of the grand range of green mountains which stretch from Hornby Castle to Ingleborough, and the beautiful stream running at their feet. Hornby Castle, from the terrace of which this view is taken, is the old seat of the Marsdens, and is now the residence of Pudsey Dawson, Esq. In the fields beyond cattle and sheep are seen grazing, the former being unusually well drawn, especially the pretty little group down by the water's edge. We regret we cannot pay the same compliment to the peacock on the terrace-wall nor the fluttering cluster of pigeons on the left. The latter strike us as being too small. Near them the artist has introduced some watering-pots and what appears to be a garden-syringe on wheels. Only just enough of the terrace is given to show the height from which the sketch is taken.













# LYME REGIS.

HIS beautifully-situated town, which has now become a fashionable watering-place, was at the time at which Turner drew this drawing just emerging from the insignificance into which it had sunk for some centuries. At this time (the year 1815) it was thus described by the

writer of "The Guide to the Watering and Sea-bathing Places:"—"Lyme has neither creek nor bay, road nor river; yet it has a harbour of the most singular construction, called the Cobb, where ships ride in perfect safety. The materials of a rude pier consists (sie) of vast stones, weighed out of the sea, and arranged in such a manner as to break the violence of the tide, which has made great encroachments, the cliffs being composed of a kind of marl and blue clay incorporated with lime, that easily gives way. Even the church is said to be in danger; yet no attempts are made to secure it from the levelling principles of the waves; though Lyme is neither deficient in religion or loyalty."

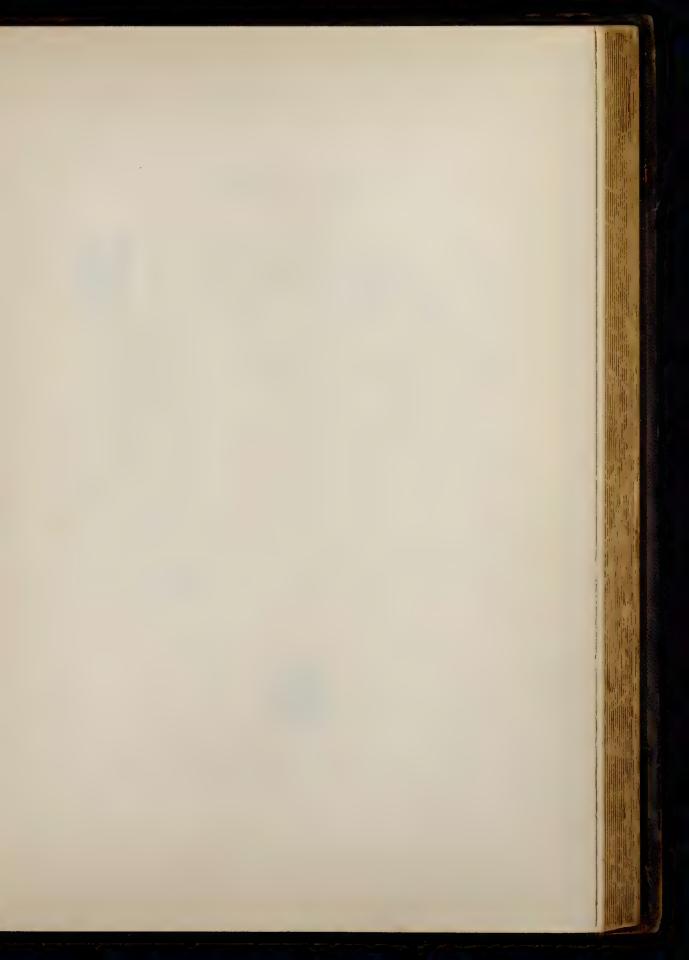
Fashion has now come to the aid of religion and loyalty. The Cobb is now a work of regular masonry, consisting of two massive piers; the waves have not been allowed to swallow up the church, which has been restored and redecorated, and Lyme Regis has become famous for the geological treasures found in the blue lias—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, pterodactyle, dinosaurus, fish and zoophytes.













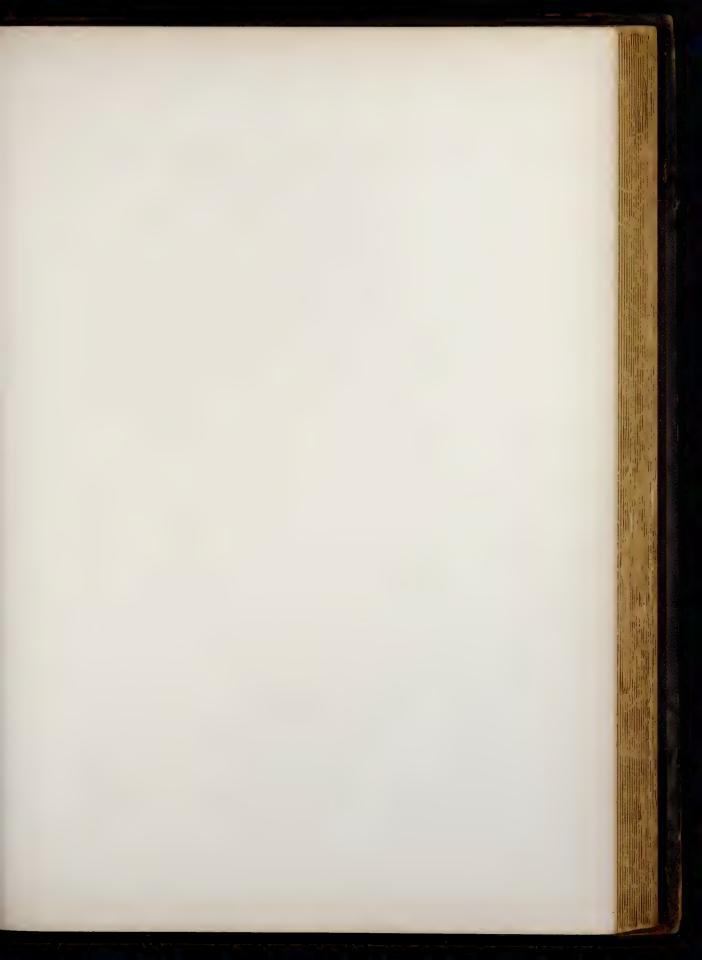
### LAKE OF LUCERNE.

URNER visited France and Switzerland in 1802, and his art may be said to have received its second great impulse from this tour. His first great accession of force was gained in his wanderings on the wolds and by the lakes in Cumberland and Yorkshire, where the

sublimity of the scenery seems to have entered into his soul and taught him to draw with reverence and accuracy. But until he went abroad his ideas of colour were limited, and it needed the wider experience of foreign scenery, the brighter sun and gayer hues of warmer latitudes, to develop in him that passion for colour to which we owe the greatest masterpieces of landscape painting. But it was a still later tour, viz. that of 1819, when he visited the Rhine and Italy, which had the greatest effect upon his scale of colour; after this time he scarcely ever painted a picture in which yellow was not the prevailing colour. This picture belongs, we think, to the middle period, when he had progressed midway between the sombre greys and browns of his earlier pictures and the sunny glory of his latest. There is nothing specially remarkable about this picture except its beauty; but the steamboat on the lake and the beehives in the foreground on the right are points to note: the first as being a novelty at the time the picture was painted, and the second as illustrating Turner's habit of introducing some specific token of the local occupations of the people.





















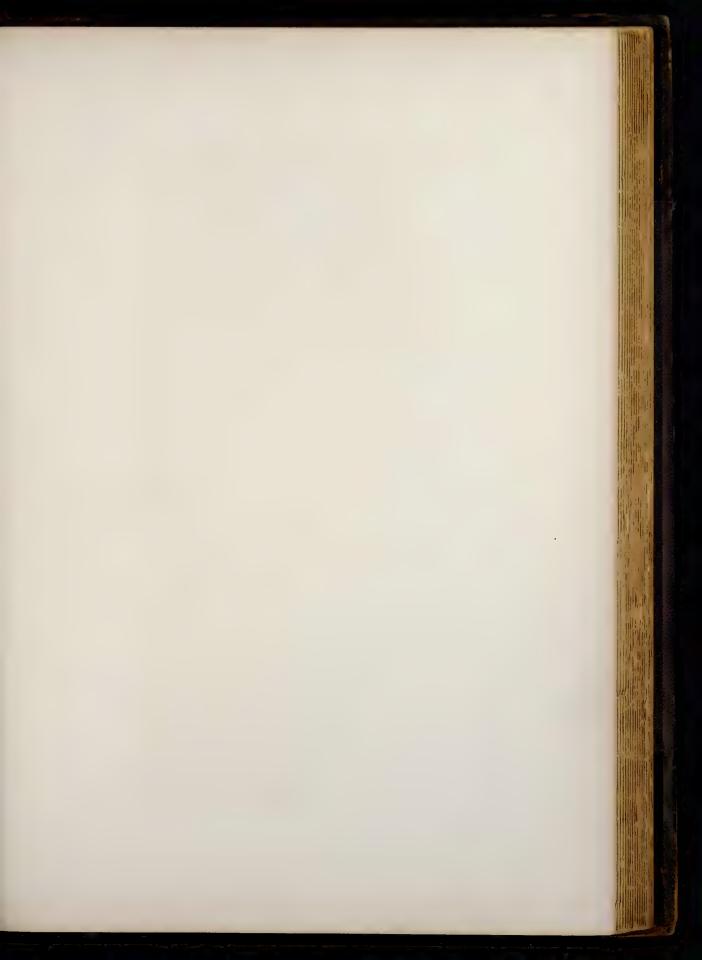
# DARTMOUTH.

HIS is one of the old Devonshire towns more famous in the past than in the present, but one which embraces such great natural advantages in the capacity of its harbour and the beauty of its scenery that it may yet have not only a useful, but a brilliant future. It is said

that Dartmouth Bay will shelter five hundred ships, and that the largest ship of the Royal Navy could anchor four miles up the Dart—a river which has been called the English Rhine, on account of the beauty of the lofty wooded hills which slope down to its banks on either side.

When Turner drew it no railway had disturbed its old-fashioned quiet, and it contained none of the spick-and-span modern erections which have since replaced a number of the picturesque and quaint Elizabethan houses, with their carved gables, in which so many generations of the brave Dartmouth mariners and merchants lived and died. It is the mouth of the Dart rather than the town of Dartmouth, however, that Turner has drawn for us—the beauty of the view out to sea, with the green hills on either side, and Dartmouth Castle and St. Petrock's Church in the distance. In the foreground, men are engaged in shipping cider, one of the chief exports of the place. Among its many historical claims to our attention may be mentioned the success with which a fleet of Dartmouth vessels engaged in 1403 forty-one French ships and captured or destroyed them, and also its sturdy resistance to Prince Maurice in 1643; but its pleasantest association is perhaps with the name of John Davis, the celebrated navigator, who was born at Dartmouth, and sailed thence on his famous voyages.











# CALIGULA'S PALACE AND BRIDGE.

"What now remains of all the mighty bridge
Which made the Lucrine lake an inner pool,
Caligula, but mossy fragments left
As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes,
Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell
How Baia's shore was loved in days gone by?"
Fallacies of Hope.

HE famous bridge of Caligula was built by that emperor in defiance of a prophecy of Thrasyllus "that it was as impossible for him to be emperor as to drive his horses round the Bay of Baiæ." He constructed a bridge of boats from Puteoli to Baiæ, a distance of more

than three Roman miles, and both rode and drove over it. At Puteoli there existed an ancient mole, a permanent structure on arches, of which many of the piers are still visible above the water. Turner has apparently fallen into the error of supposing that these were the remains of the bridge of Caligula, and has continued the arches across the bay. This magnificent picture is a wreck of what it once was, but still the effect of the sun rising, with its light breaking through the ruined arches of the palace, show the hand of a consummate artist. The figures of the children playing with goats, and the horses on the bank, are introduced with good effect.













### HARDRAW FALL.

NCLOSED in a wild amphitheatre of rocks which descend in a sheer precipice, Hardraw Fall has a strange beauty of its own. The glen into which it falls, though crowned with verdure, is, in the neighbourhood of the fall, bare and desolate—encumbered with rocks and

boulders, high and narrow and with precipitous sides; giving, however, pasturage to sheep and cows. The small but impetuous torrent pours over the craggy ledge with a bound, and falls in a gradually-widening stream into a cup-like pool below, having a wide space between itself and the wall of rock at its base. Turner has shown with great distinctness the curious formation of the rocks and fall, with a grand glimpse of the mountains behind. The sun is on the right and casts one side of the valley into shadow, lighting up the picturesquely-wooded heights on the left. The painter has enlivened the desolate scene with numerous figures, by means of which we can trace the narrow path which runs along the side of the glen on the right. Seated on the stone wall to the right is a young woman, who seems to have come for the purpose of milking her cows; but, unless they will come to her call, she will have some difficulty in reaching them; at present she is resting, and has left her can and pail to take care of themselves.













#### MOUNT EDGECOMB.

HIS is a fine breezy view of the sea off the beautiful hill called Mount Edgecomb, or Edgecumbe, the seat of the earl of that name, remarkable for its pleasure-grounds, which, according to the guidebook, "are arranged in three distinct gardens—the English, French,

and Italian—and absolutely glow with fountains, vases, busts, and statues, the lucent marble shining with exquisite relief against its background of glossy foliage." The same authority also informs us that "it is undoubtedly the loveliest spot in the immediate vicinity of Plymouth. As Garrick exclaimed—

'This mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses—'Tis the mount of the Muses, this mount of Parnassus;'

and, as it rises gently from the sea—a mass of living verdure, a sloping hill embowered in arbutus, myrtle, and laurestinus, crowned with pine and chestnut, laced round with pleasant paths and dappled with soft, swift shadows—it assuredly exhibits a grace, a beauty, and even a majesty of its own." If Turner's drawing does not quite realise this choice description, the difference may be accounted for by the fact that all the trees were cut down in 1779, when a French invasion was expected, and had not had time to grow again before Turner took his sketch.













### CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

"And now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields and Nature can decree.
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

Evron: Childe Harold, Canto IV., xxvi.

NFORTUNATELY these words are now applicable to this painting in a double sense. It is a glorious wreck—more beautiful even in its present sad state than the perfect work of other artists. "Nevertheless," writes Mr. Ruskin in 1857, "even in its present state, all the landscape on this right-hand portion of the picture is exquisitely beautiful—founded on faithful reminiscences of the defiles of Narni, and the roots of the Apennines, seen under purple evening light. The tenderness of the mere painting by which this light is expressed is so great that the eye can hardly follow the gradations of hue; it can feel but it cannot trace them." The landscape contains one of

of hue; it can feel but it cannot trace them." The landscape contains one of Turner's most beautiful stone-pines, and the effect of the sunbeams striking athwart the ruined arches on the left was at one time magical. In the foreground are a festive party with a youth and girl dancing. On the left a figure is lurking in the shade, but whether this is the contemplative poet or an assassin is not apparent.













# EGGLESTONE ABBEY,

NEAR BARNARD CASTLE.

HIS is an interesting drawing, evidently representing the actual features of the place with scrupulous fidelity. We need scarcely, after this statement, say that it was an early drawing. It is impossible to tell what modifications Turner would have made in the drawing had

it been finished at a later period of his life, but it is probable that he would not have made the shoring-up of the window of the abbey so painfully apparent, and that the uninteresting river-house would have been idealised or improved off the face of the scene; or more probably he would have chosen a point of view from which the beauty of the view would have been more apparent than its singularity. But we would not have it altered, for its natural beauties are so great as to bear the introduction of a few peculiarities; and the bit of building going on, the curious position of the tree on the hill, the countrywoman feeding her poultry, and the light through the tileless top of the house, are touches of reality which give a more humane pleasure than mere picturesqueness.

Egglestone Abbey is in the parish of Startforth, in Yorkshire, about a mile from Barnard Castle. It is situated on the bank of the river Tees, and was founded in the twelfth century, by Ralph de Multon, for Premonstratensian canons.













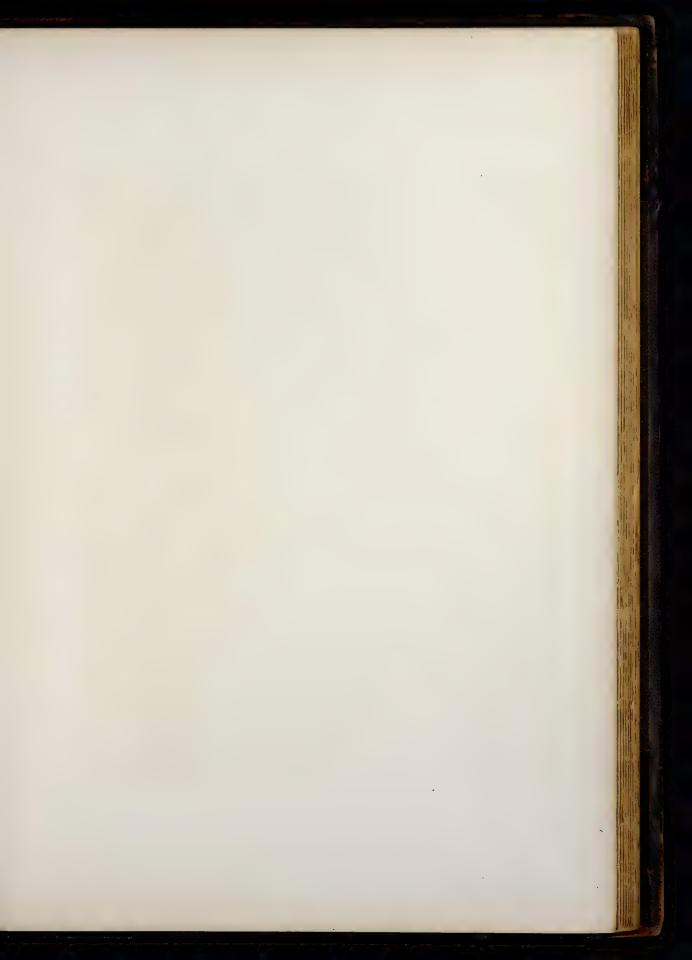
## ENTRANCE OF FOWEY HARBOUR.

HIS harbour, as is plain from the engraving, has a very narrow entrance flanked by square towers, which are said to have been erected for its protection in the reign of Henry IV. Their walls are six feet in thickness, and formerly a chain was extended between them to guard the

entrance. The ruin on the right bank seen in the distance is that of an old church dedicated to St. Saviour. In former days Fowey was a port of great importance, and in the reign of Edward III. sent a larger number of vessels (forty-seven) to the siege of Calais than any other port in the kingdom; but its trade has decayed sadly, and its pilchard trade, once very prosperous, is extinct. It does not even appear to have become a fashionable watering-place; and although Dr. John Wolcot (Peter Pindar) has celebrated its praises in rhyme, we fear that the burden of the quaint lament of a guidebook of 1813 may even now be echoed:—"The little town of Fowey is pleasantly situated. It possesses a beautiful and spacious harbour, decently fortified, calculated by its safety and depth of water, as well as facility of entrance, for commerce on the most extended scale; and with such advantages, why it is not the residence of the mercantile classes of mankind must excite our astonishment."













### BLIGH SAND.

HIS picture, like the drawing of "Whitstable," is a good instance of Turner's purely artistic power of making a beautiful picture out of the simplest materials. This scene is taken from near Sheerness, and represents a fleet of fishing-boats engaged in trawling. The effect

of light produced is one which we must all have seen—the sun striking down on the horizon of the water, and casting the foreground into dim shade. This shade Turner has forcibly darkened by the black hull of the nearest fishing-boat, whose shadowy sails stand out in marked contrast to the bright white canvas of her companions rejoicing in the sunlight beyond. But it is in the beautiful accidental twilight of the foreground that the eye rests most lovingly and delightedly in this picture. How soft and mysterious it makes those gently plashing waves! What grave importance it gives to that ordinary buoy, with its deep shadow spreading into the wet sand like a blot! How doubly soft it makes the sand itself! How ghostlike the white gulls with their luminous reflections! When we think that this picture was exhibited in the same year as his "Dido building Carthage," we gain at once a fair notion of the wonderful range of his genius.













### EHRENBREITSTEIN.



HIS picture was described in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy as "The Broad Stone of Honour (Ehrenbreitstein) and Tomb of Marceau, from Byron's 'Childe Harold,'" and to this description was appended the following quotation:—

"By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau. \* \* \*

\* \* \* He was Freedom's champion.
Here Ehrenbeitstein, with her shatter'd wall,

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Yet shows of what she was."

Byron's note to his own lines will serve still further to illustrate the picture: "One of the strongest fortresses in Europe was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine and treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortresses of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison, but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time; and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing, observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it."

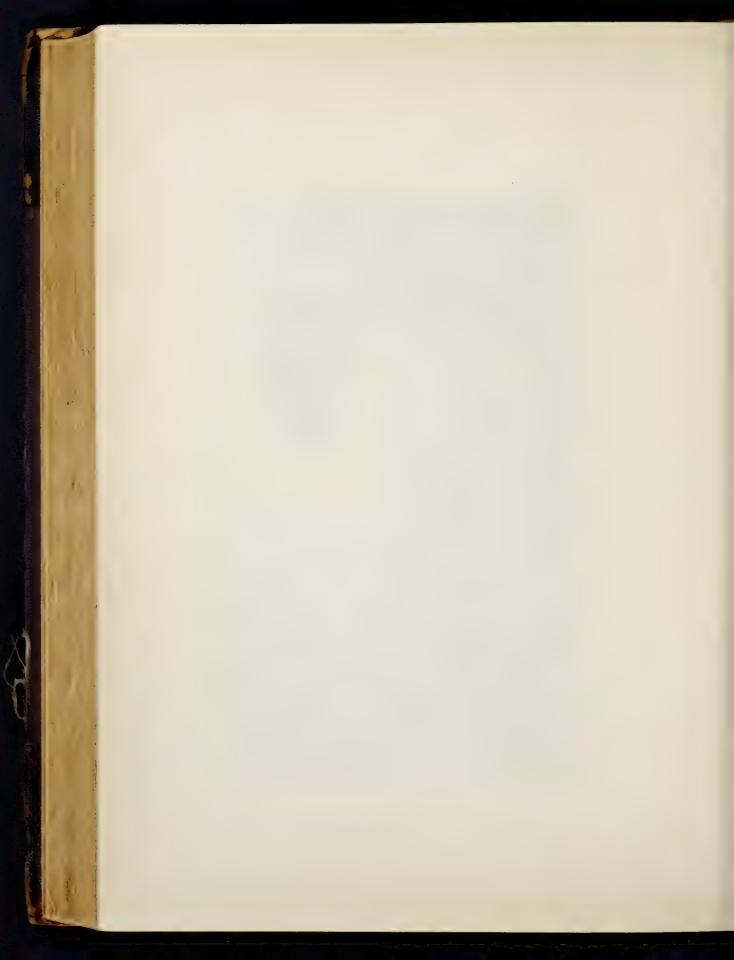
In this beautiful picture Turner modified considerably the facts of the scene, making, we believe, the mountain higher in appearance than it actually is, and arranging the trees and other features of the view so as to make a more impressive and poetical composition.











#### HYTHE.

NE of the Cinque Ports, whose name signifies a haven, but which is now neither a haven nor a port, for the haven has silted up, and the beach is nearly three quarters of a mile from the town. In 1807, barracks were erected for three hundred men, and there is now a celebrated school for riflemen at Hythe, much resorted to by volunteers; so that what Hythe has lost from a maritime, has in some measure been made up from a military point of view. Some feeling of this kind was, possibly, in Turner's mind when he drew this cliff and town, descending to what was once a beach and is now a plain; when he sketched-in that martial row of barracks in the middle distance, and placed those soldiers and that gun in the foreground. The soldiers and the gun seem to us almost as antiquated as the maritime celebrity of the place. Do soldiers in England ever wear white ducks now? They certainly no longer carry that good old Brown Bess, nor do they exercise guns like that. Hythe has seen many changes, but none more sudden and startling than the revolution in artillery. It seems almost strange that, having changed so much, it should have changed so little. After all, the sandy flat is not so much unlike the sea, the cliffs remain as they were, even the trees are still blown back from the sea till they stiffen into forms like those we see in the drawing.













## VENICE-THE GRAND CANAL.

HIS is another picture of Venice, giving much the same view as that entitled "Venice, from Canal Giudecca." It gives, however, a nearer view of the Square of St. Mark with its two ancient columns, the Doge's Palace, and the Campanile. It will be seen, on comparison,

that the two pictures do not entirely agree in details: that the Campanile is represented as much loftier in the one previously given, and that the Palace is not built at the same angle. This picture is an earlier one, which the artist may possibly have painted on the spot, or when he was more careful of local correctness. But much, however, as it may be superior to the other in topographical accuracy, it is inferior in mystic charm, in the picturesque grouping of the boats, and in aerial magic. The point of view is also not so happily chosen, as it does not take in the domes and minarets which are introduced so effectively on the left of the other picture. Turner had two Venices—Venice as it was, and the Venice of his imagination: Venice, the busy and gay city of Italy; and Venice, the daughter or the sea, the paradise of Art. He has left enough specimens of each, equally good of their kind, to satisfy the most realistic and the most poetical of his admirers; but to those, and there are many, who can at will indulge in either mood, it is difficult to find fault with any of his Venetian pictures.













### WYCLIFFE, NEAR ROKEBY.

YCLIFFE is said to have been the birthplace, in 1324, of the great Reformer, John Wycliffe. It is situated on the Tees, in one of the most beautiful parts of Yorkshire. But it is scarcely necessary for us to assure the reader of the beauty of this part of the country with a

view like this before him, which contains rugged cliffs, well-wooded hills, and a romantic stream. We often wonder why this lovely part of our island is not more often visited; but of the thousands of tourists who scour these Islands and the Continent for fine scenery or sport, how comparatively few have ever seen the vale of the Tees or the Loon? Turner has very happily chosen a point of view from which the full beauty of tree-clothed hill can be seen in contrast with the bare and rugged cliff and the piles of boulders in the foreground. In the middle distance is an open carriage, drawn by three horses with postillions, from which a gentleman is assisting a lady to alight. In the foreground are two other ladies, probably part of the same party of excursionists, one of whom is clapping her hands to frighten away some geese; other geese on the left seem to be wondering whether their turn will come next.















HERE are few places which strike the modern visitor as belonging so completely to a past age as Rye. Passing under the old gateway, which dates from the reign of Edward III., into its quiet narrow streets with its church in its midst, and looking down on the plain

that stretches to the sea, one feels cut off from the world—almost from the century—and to realise what it was to enter a fortified town in past ages. The natural strength of the place, from a military point of view, is well given in Turner's drawing, who has made the most of the remains of the old castle, which was erected early in the twelfth century by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent.

Rye and Winchelsea were added to the Cinque Ports by Henry III., when an inundation of the sea diverted the river Rother and greatly improved the natural harbour. Whatever importance it may have once had as a port has long been one of the things of the past. The old harbour was choked with sand and shingle, and though a new tidal harbour has been made at the mouth of the Rother, it suffers in the same way, and is very shallow. Rye boasts, however, many comparatively modern improvements in the way of embankment, pier, and draining, and is well worth a visit on account of its church and other interesting antiquities.













# ORANGE MERCHANTMAN GOING TO PIECES.

HERE is scarcely any part of the coast of any country in which wrecking is looked upon as a crime by the inhabitants. There is something so fortuitous about the presence of valuable property without an owner, that it looks like a godsend to ignorant people. In

some places, poor people whose supply of fuel is gained mainly from the stray spars and timbers that are washed ashore think that it is a kind dispensation of Providence, and that it is very hard indeed upon them when no wrecks happen. In the Bahamas, a wrecker being asked why, after having taken all the valuable property out of the ship, he had set fire to her, replied in all sincerity, "that he and others believed that unless they burnt the hull there would be no more ship-wrecks on that part of the coast." Unfortunately such perverted morality is not unknown even upon the coasts of England, and there are many places in England where the picking of a fine wreck like this Orange Merchantman would be looked upon as fair plunder by the fishermen, if they could escape the authorities. The poor ship lies helplessly on her side, and is swarming with wreckers; the storm has passed, her crew are either saved or drowned by this time, and the business of all is to save as much as they can of the property from going to the bottom of the sea. In the front is a fisherman's boat with two men and a woman on board; they have caught some fish and have picked up a few oranges.













### THE PARTING OF HERO AND LEANDER.

HE beautiful old story of the loves of Hero and Leander, of the bold swimmer who crossed the Hellespont to meet his love, will live as long as language lasts; and the feat, as a beautiful image of the power and endurance of love, will never be surpassed. Physically

it was thought to be unsurpassable. Byron himself essayed it and almost lost his life; but in our days Captain Webb has swum the English Channel, a feat, athletically considered, besides which Hero's achievement becomes almost insignificant. Turner's picture does not, however, deal with the athletic, but the poetical view of the old story. It is one of his later pictures, exhibited in 1838, and bears some traces, we think, of failing powers both of mind and body. It is full of sad meaning, and the conception is poetical to the last degree. Hero and Leander are seen taking their last farewell, the sea-nymphs are waiting to bear away his body to the depths below, the clouds are blood-red with the setting sun, the moon is surrounded with a halo to betoken the approaching storm. The title of the picture in the Royal Academy Catalogue was accompanied by the following halting lines, "From the Greek of Musæus:"—

"The morning came too soon, with crimson'd blush Chiding the tardy night, and Cynthia's warning beam; But Love yet lingers on the terraced steep, Upheld young Hymen's torch and failing lamp, The token of departure, never to return. Wild dashed the Hellespont its 'stracted surge, And on the raised spray appeared Leander's fall."











## TORBAY, FROM BRIXHAM.

Norman times," we are told, "the town belonged to the Novants, and from them it passed in succession through several other noble hands. The present lords of Brixham are Brixham fishermen. The manor was purchased some time back by twelve fishermen; these twelve shares were afterwards subdivided, and these again have been divided. Each holder of a share, or portion of a share, however small, is styled 'a quay lord.' If you see a thick-bearded, many-jacketed personage, who carries himself with a little extra confidence in the market-place, you may be sure he is a Brixham lord." The lower town of Brixham, of which we see a part, is described as "a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell." We presume that those are Brixham "lords" who are seated so comfortably on the cliff while their "ladies" are hanging out the clothes. Brixham is one of the wealthiest fishingtowns in England, and employs two hundred vessels, manned by nearly one thousand six hundred men. The fish are all sent up to London, and we dare say it is as difficult to get a fresh herring in Brixham as in the Desert of Sahara.















